

CAVALCADE

SEPTEMBER, 1935 16

Begun at the G.W.
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BEAUTY CONTESTS
ARE BUNK!

*
Know Yourself Section —
YOU NEED NOT
LOSE YOUR BABY





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SEPTEMBER, 1955 • Vol. 22, No. 4.

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Beauty Contests are the Bunk!

Carrots and sticks, winning the coveted title in beauty contests, are spear-heading a bunk program which will distract them from them, rule them sometimes.

GRANT L. LAWRENCE

A WELL-KNOWN London Theatre hosted a cosmopolitan audience for an international beauty contest.

All the loveliness of Europe (and other parts) lined the stage: Bathing-suited siren, blushing teeth, bawled legs—the lot.

And did the audience cheer? Yes, they oohed and cheered. Until the winner was announced. Then the girls faded, and boos and boos were paraded.

Because the winner had been lovely, doe-eyed, green-haired Antigone Costanda, who became Miss World last August. Antigone comes from Alexandria, though she is really Greek.

Miss Egypt piled her black and gold light-clearing costume, fluffed her hair out, and shriveling the \$500 first prize started. "Miss Marica Papelina" referring to the 1953 Miss Egypt, who failed to win the previous contest.

Frankly, the 1,000 people in the spectators' seats, didn't seem over-warmed about who won; they came to see loveliness, and they were seeing loveliness. But there were 16 contestants who didn't run a pinc, and they all felt, quite naturally, that injustice had been done.

They thought Miss Greece, 21-year-old Eli Melis, who came third, should have won the Miss World title. One of the competitors said that Miss Antigone was too fat in the face and hips. "She has too much sex appeal—but she is not beautiful," was the comment.

Another competitor said, "Antigone's nice, but Miss Greece should have won."

Miss World, 1954 — Antigone Costanda, of Egypt, created quite a stir when she was crowned the winner.

Every contest had a conservative—naturally, because you cannot get that kind of beauty associated without getting the human, feminine reaction of such one.

The symbol of the whole thing was a disappointing lack of enthusiasm over the winner—and a general query as to whether beauty contests really do pay off.

First of all, one has every right to ask whether these contests pay off for winners who win with each other in displaying the maximum allowable amount of charm.

Viewed, photographed, praised, commended, lauded, and finally crowned, the girls become the centre of interest for millions of newspaper readers, and successive audiences who see them through their books and films to victory.

What do they expect as their reward their charm, smiling with young vivacity at the audience and the judges? Hollywood cast-traitor?

Again, what do they get when it is all over? Let's be charitable and admit that Hollywood just isn't big enough to house all the beauty-contest winners, let alone give them the well-known "break" unless it is heart-break.

Besides which, most of the occupations which call for beauty call for something more than mere beauty. Good looks aren't enough to make an actress. They have to be accompanied by personality, acting ability, good voice, at least.

So maybe the girl can suffice for a job as model or mannequin, where all she has to do is undress or dress up enough pose prettily, and wait for the camera. Except that the cameraman likes one look at the contestant face and makes the famous pronouncement, "She isn't photogenic". And, whatever that means, it puts her out of the busi-

ness. Maybe she hasn't got as a technique because she can stand beautifully, but just can't walk with grace, or look better in a bathing-suit than she does in clothes there are girls, the down business says, who just "won't wear" clothes. Mysteriously, the girls are supposed-to-be-magicians, never customers. So another door closes to the beauty-contest winner.

Maybe the business comes right back to casting every three glamour openings, and just plain old-fashioned getting married.

What goes on here?

Feminine prettiness is traditionally magnetic to men. Yet it is doubtful whether many men marry girls for their looks alone. After all, beautiful as she is, she can't be exotic, or dumb, or squeak-voiced, or over-expensive in taste, or clumsy in the kitchen, and still make a successful wife.

A beauty contestant in the States a few years back gave an interview to *The press* on the difficulties of getting married if you were a contest winner.

She said that while men by the score wanted to quench, wine and drown her, nobody wanted to marry her—because they felt that they couldn't cope with the glamour which had surrounded her in her brief blaze of limelight. All she wanted was to get into a shirt and a pair of jeans and help some good guy cut the lawn—but there wasn't any good guy who believed it enough to take her part.

This winner said she felt a fifty chance of marriage declined once she enjoyed the publicity and entertainment of the contest.

And then, there is always the prospect of viewing the girls who having won contests, did get married.

One of them married a wealthy

man years older than herself, and before she was thirty was a wealthy widow who had moved out on the fling which traditionally belongs to youth.

Another married a man in an ordinary colored job, and found that living in neighbourhood domesticity was too bad. She spent a lot of time in a bathing suit, the clothing which showed her to best advantage, and sought to reappear on the beach the admiration of male—admirers she hadn't enjoyed since her beauty contest days. The inevitable apprehensions and despair followed. In love with admiration, she suddenly realized that she wasn't a top-line beauty any more, and that here wasn't much of a future. From being admired and sought and feted, she had slipped down the scale to the point where even getting married again was no light task.

But by far the greatest number of beautiful women clutch their prizes, shrug off the criticism of their less fortunate competitors, step down off the stage, and are never seen or heard of again.

Most of them slip back into their normal lives—only to find that they are not always as wedges as they used to be.

The inevitable stories go around about these things. Normally the stories aren't true, but they spike up interest in the business.

There is always somebody ready to spread the story that a girl was bypassed she gets the right amount of encouragement to one or more of the judges—and, indeed, there has been a court case or two about these very stories.

That may have been the odd small-time contest which was won by a red white negro and virtue were accorded to winning the boy

Miss World, 1951, Koko Hukommor, a now one of Sweden's leading models. At right is the runner-up in a recent beauty contest



prize, but most judges, in contests of any size, are well-known girls—men of taste, who can scarcely afford to risk name and reputation for a brief fling with a teenage competition beauty, and most girls, though they are not backward in showing what they have, are certainly in the modest-inconspicuous-tinted bracket.

The stories of back-stage contests at beauty contests are strictly for novices, but even that doesn't have the girl in any better position than she was before she entered. Returning to her normal life and finding it difficult to fit in, or even to be accepted, more than one of the girls has regretted the brief hour of glory given her by the contest.

And there is the story of the beauty contest winner in Europe who, having had her near-naked picture spread over the world's press, did try to buy back the magazine before her child was old enough to recognize his mother in her former candid glory.

That was the kind of thing which happened with Hedy Lamarr when, as a young actress anxious to make her mark, she did some unusually candid stuff for a Hungarian film director—and her wealthy husband, after they were married, spent a fortune buying up all copies of the film so that his wife's more personal charms would not be spread before the world. Ironically, after he had spent all that money, they didn't stay married.

All this is quite apart from the beauty contests which are held to benefit a cause. There is always somebody prepared to believe that the page is rigged for the sponsor whether it is or not. When Miss Finland was awarded the Miss World title in 1953, the story quickly went round that the prince had

gone to her to publicise Finland, the Olympic Games victim.

The story wasn't true, but it certainly took some of the gilt off which was then year the eve of Miss Finland's victory.

One must be prepared to see, of course, that in contests where votes are "bought", or where the winner is to advertise a commercial enterprise, there might be a natural bias towards the type of contestant who will advertise the product, and there was one story of a really lovely girl who missed first prize because of her inability to wear and display a certain garment, the price going to a less lovely but more practically useful person.

Yet life continues to be lived in, continues to find and cross and pass and compete—and all the time somebody has to win.

If they are content to win and go back to work, maybe it is no worse than any other form of fun—but once the contestants turn their heads, and the glamour might become their future standard, most of them are headed for quick disaster—not only missed professional opportunities, but finding themselves landed with a hangover, as well, even in the matrimonial stakes.

Another facet of the beauty contest business is that very often a girl doesn't have to be any beauty to win it. She simply has to have a good team of interested people to sell votes for her popularity. When the results go up a lot of the uninitiated feel that judging by the photographs justice has not been done.

And it must be very frustrating to a really lovely girl to find that she has been beaten as Miss Beautiful by a Plain Jane with nothing more than good vote selling power.

Gawton-Williams held captive by Turkish soldiers led to execution on Arab village.



Sailor in the desert

It is far from being captain of a ship to a refugee to the desert, but this captain had no choice when he escaped from a prison camp.

NIGHT was turning sun-blazed Libya into a chilly desert when a dashing crack, followed by a crash, settled the fair of H.M.S. Tern, a railway steamer converted into a warship. It was November, 1915.

All the crew were saved. The British commander, was Armand de la Perriere. Fired up by his captors and decided to hand them over to the Turks—all except Captain R. S. Gawton-Williams, who was the only regular Royal Naval officer among the Tern's crew. He was marked for Austria, where the conditions for officer-prisoners of war were more congenial. But the

SPENCER LEEMING • FACT

captain insisted upon commanding with his men.

The captives were handed over to the Turks at Berda and were placed under the close guard of Arab mercenaries for an enforced desert march which lasted for weeks. Poor rations and ill-treatment killed many prisoners, and Captain Gawton-Williams planned to escape.

Knowing that the Arabs feared horses and death, he helped disease and was issued with a special mackintosh of a pound of barley flour. A friendly Arab, Bedi, made his

gate from the door, and the other prisoners struggled enough now from their meager rations to last the captain for six days. Gwatin-Williams also stole half a pound of goat's meat, a pound of dates, and a little sugar from the officers' mess. He was ready to make his escape.

On Sunday, February 22, 1868, laden with 12 lbs. of food, a gallon of water, and clad in Arab attire, Captain Gwatin-Williams left the P.C.W. camp at Bir Hakkim without being seen. He was well prepared with a drying-pow, a diary, a pencil, pipe, tobacco, matches, needles and thread, a candle, a drinking-mug, a spare pair of old shoes, a few papers, a map—but no compass.

His most important document was a forged one in Arabic, explaining that he was under the protection of the Grand Sultan and the English General, Robert Banks, and that, on his safe arrival at Soltan, the traveller's guides would be rewarded with a bag of gold.

Most of the next day Gwatin-Williams plodded over the desert sands. Many times he had to hide among low shrubs or cactus vines along the track. His feet were bleeding, and his shoulders were raw with the rubbing of the robes, from which his hairy belongings were suspended. His goutskin bag was leaking.

He stumbled suddenly into a camp of eight Arab tents, and was greeted cordially. The wondering "Arab" passed unchallenged.

In two days and nights G.W. calculated that he had travelled about 51 miles. It was dark, and through sheer exhaustion he collapsed to the ground and fell asleep.

He awoke at daylight, to find himself surrounded by Arabs.

dozens of camels and herds of sheep and goats. Without knowing it, he had chosen for his first break in the outskirts of an Arab village.

Children, and herdsmen approached him. He immediately threw his Arab robes to a cloak with a hood all over him, and finished sleep. He did not know that Arabs don't approve of sleeping after dawn. They dragged him roughly to his feet.

Unfortunately for Gwatin-Williams, he had blue eyes, Arabic never having been used. They knew he was a foreigner.

Three leading herdsmen covered him with rifles while they questioned him in Arabic. Gwatin-Williams was at a loss, as he knew little Arabic. He was searched and his naval uniform was uncovered.

Gwatin-Williams produced his forged document, but it had no effect. The Arabs stripped their captive naked, and were about to shoot him when over twenty Bedouins arrived and drove off the Arab herdsmen.

G.W. hardly spoke more Arabic sentences than he had learned at Bir Hakkim. They appeared to be understood. A small gesture by the captain tickled their sense of humor, and they laughed uproariously. Then they paraded their prisoner like a performing animal.

Suddenly one of the Bedouin tribesmen noticed that the green-wool tunic had a gold tooth. The Arabs decided that the only way to secure the gold was to cut off their captive's head.

Desperately Gwatin-Williams explained that the gold was brass and therefore worthless. The tribesmen believed him. He was relieved of further torment by the arrival of two men in tattered khaki uniforms

carrying Martini carbines. Arabs and obviously afraid of these men, the Bedouins ran away. The newcomers were Turkish soldiers.

At the end of the week the Turkish soldiers led Gwatin-Williams out of the Bedouin camp and into the desert. A Bedouin and a camel-and accompanied them. No indication was given as to what was to happen or where they were going.

The journey ended at Turkish Headquarters.

Gwatin-Williams received a shock when he was brought before the Commandant. He was Ahmed Mansur, the captain's commanding at Bir Hakkim.

Fully expecting to be shot at once, the befuddled soldier was sur-

prised to be treated with courtesy.

The repatriated prisoner was escorted back to the prison camp at Bir Hakkim, where he found that not only the prisoners, but the guards as well, were starving.

Moving harder out, this was quelled on March 17, 1868, when the Duke of Westminster and his numerous眷属 arrived at Bir Hakkim.

Summing up his experiences in his book, "Prisoner of the Red Desert," Captain E. H. Gwatin-Williams paid a special tribute to his gold tooth, which, he said, continued to be an asset of value throughout his ordeal.

"Thus," he wrote, "are master-tales often at themselves a legend."



"As I was saying . . ."

Buried alive for nine days

Three men were trapped when the Moose River Gold Mine collapsed. It took miners nine days to get them out.



TREKKING men exploring the old but recently re-opened Moose River goldmine, Nova Scotia, heard the ominous crashing sound at the 180-foot level. They raced to the shaft leading up to the mine entrance. Frankly, one of them jolted on the signal cord for the "skip" that could carry them out to safety.

Almost simultaneously, a powerful roar heralded the fall of tons of rock-and-earth, expelling them. Shuddering through the dust, they found all the other galleries were also blocked.

Then they saw a small dead-end niche cut in the face of the wall. They crowded in for protection.

It was the afternoon of Monday,

April 13, 1958. The trapped trio consisted of Dr. Robertson, his friend Paul McGill, and the mine manager Alfred Scadding.

After several minutes the deafening tumult gradually subsided as the bill of falling rocks ceased. In its place came the ominous gurgle of running water as numerous underground springs and reservoirs poured torrents over the mine.

The gallery that was now sealed up into an escape-proof prison was a long tunnel, 100 yards long, eight feet high and ten feet wide.

Fortunately, the water escaped through other cracks in the floor or ran down into the entrance shaft so there was no imminent danger

of the tunnel becoming flooded and drowning the three trapped men.

They lit their fire with timber from smashed supports. The smoke seeped upward through the rock crevices and told workmen outside the mine that the three men were alive.

Outside, frantic preparations were under way to save the trapped trio. Hundreds of miners from the nearby Caribou mines gathered to discuss ways and means. Many thought the task hopeless. The whole shaft was blocked with hundreds of tons of packed broken stone.

It could be cleared—but it would probably take much longer than the exhausted men could last.

Food was sent down to the trapped men through a pipe forced into the earth.

To increase their chances, it was decided to use a diamond drill to drive a bore-hole down through the ground and into the mine. Food and drink could be sent down if a railway line to the pithead was opened.

The main difficulty was deciding where the men were trapped, so that a path for the drill could be directed. Making an estimate, the gauge of volunteers went to work and the drill began its ceaseless grinding roar that was to continue for days.

Other miners bent to the job of driving through in the rear and getting them out. Engineers finally decided against clearing the original shaft. It seemed easier to go down another dashed shaft that had escaped the full force of the rock fall and passed through from it at the 100-foot level.

A 15-ton crane was brought in. It had to be dragged over 10 miles of rocky mountain track. The journey took 40 hours. Eight miles from their goal, a breakdown on the steering held them up for hours until spare parts could be obtained from Rishikesh.

Meanwhile, the work of clearing the shaft had proceeded with dyna-

mine and the machinery on hand. With the arrival of the big cranes, which could lift two tons of rock at a time, the shaft was sunk to 148 feet—three days after the seven. From there a tunnel was started at right angles to the shaft.

Mrs. Robertson and Mrs. Magill were on the scene of operations and with them was Magill's Queen Dana, Maine.

On the day Paul Magill died his undertaker, the dog went blearily and in whined and sniffed privately at every crack in the ground left by the tremendous rock fall.

The teams tunneled west through



"Would you mind repeating that last paragraph, Mr. Brandish . . . You speak so eloquently."

roofs and earth and tractors raised the office buildings nearly in order to get the timber to prep the roof and sides.

The travel was a bare three feet to December. Only two men at a

in addition only two men at a time could work at one pier sawing and the other timbering the masts. They risked their lives constantly owing to the dangers of a sudden seaway. Other worries were the heat in the steamed water which kept them drenched the whole time, the road underfoot and the constant urgency for speed and more speed.

The tunnel was pushed forward 12 feet in the first eight hours. Then the difficulties increased. In the next nine hours, it progressed only three feet. Ten times during the period the timber collapsed and the roof caved in. Forty men were strung out behind the front pair, passing from hand to hand every piece of rock and shovelful of dirt excavated.

It was six days before the first contact was made with the trapped trio by means of the diamond drill. The pair emerged near the wall of the gallery on Sunday April 18. Had it been another couple of inches further over, it would have missed the men's prison cigarettes. All three would have died.

Pipes were fitted in the hole made by the drill. Brandy and hot soup were sent down it to help keep them alive. A special telephone, about the size of a fountain pen was also lowered. Through it, Dr. Robertson was able to speak. He told of the gradual weakening of Paul McGill.

Although only 34, much younger than his two companions, he was close to death. Through the long walk, Seudding and Dr. Robertson tried to keep him warm with their

own bedchamber, but he contracted pneumonia. On April 13 he died

Dr. Robertson revealed that Seaborg too was very sick.

On Monday, April 24, when it was estimated the tunnel had only 20 feet to go, there was another rock fall in the shaft. It left more than a dozen men imprisoned in the tunnel. In a few hours the heavy crews cleared the shaft.

The tunnel then met a wall of solid rock. Explosives were too dangerous, so its 18-foot thickness had to be chiseled through. One by one the miners collapsed with the strain and had to be taken to hospital. Others quickly took their places.

During the whole of this time the fate of the Interned men was a matter for speculation, and imposed the greatest strain on their relatives, who, hoping against hope, were fully prepared to have their worst fears confirmed. There was the additional worry that still further bills would prolong the work of raising which, at times, seemed an almost impossible task.

The fervently working refugees finally won out, however, and on April 22, when they broke through and found, after nine days, that two of the three men they sought to rescue were still alive.

A doctor who had stayed by his master's side throughout the experience of Dr. Robertson and Arthur Bussell, and was able to assure the government that both men would survive their ordeal. It was also his melancholy duty to announce that Paul Magill was a fatality.

In hospital Dr. Robertson made a quick recovery; Alfred Bechtel showed worse effects, but he too, was eventually restored to health. The accident was a remarkable lesson of courage and endurance.

Her bathing suit got wet!

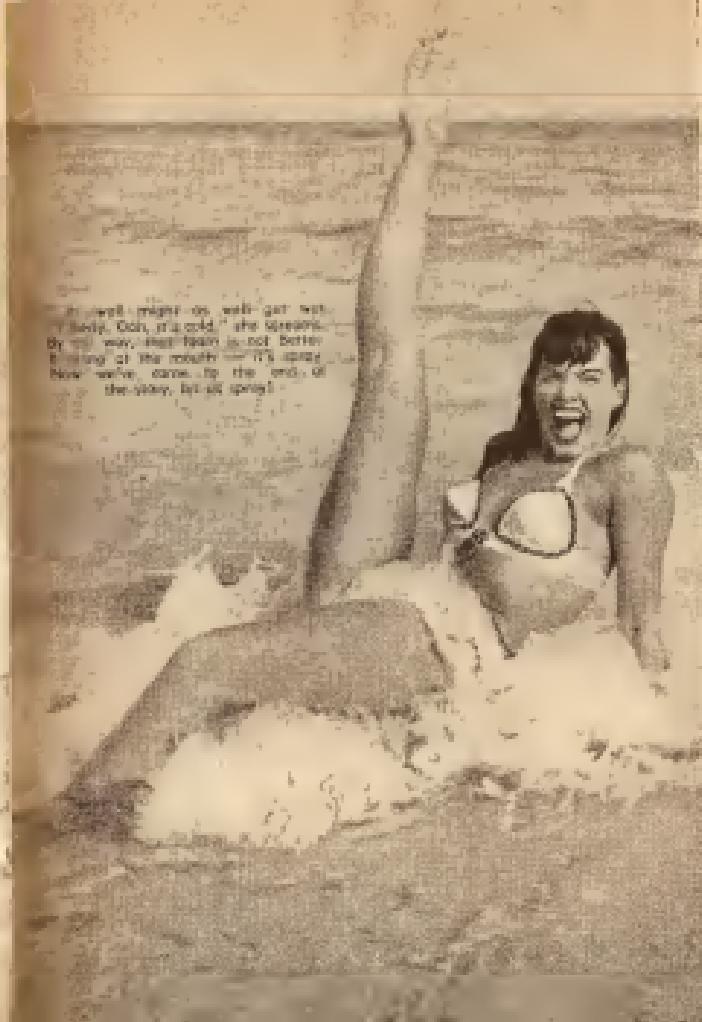


"How's this for a bikini?" said this lovely long-haired beauty. "I like it," the Frenchman said. "Who is girl?" the Aussie asked. "Bikini Girl" is the name, kids, and she happens to be the most popular girl on the beach — to boot! The source of many a healthy



"No, I'm not swimming," says Esther. "I might get my long trousers wet." She dresses pretty well, too, but we spared the change in costume and mentioned it. "Yes," she laughed, "I like a change. How's my form?" Well, off-hand, Esther, would say your form is colossal.

"Well, what do you know—Ma-Po has turned over a new leaf, she's changed her eating again (not that we could tell, of course), and she's changed her mind—she's gone in and got her hair wet." "Yes, don't be afraid!" says Bettie. "With my hair back, I'll be on the rocks."



"Well, right on, well—get wet or dry. Come, it's cold," she screams. By the way, that hair is not better looking at the moment— $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Now—wave comes up the end, off the side, like a spring!

Crime Capsules

14

There have been many break-ins of gasol, but a few months ago a thief broke into Centurion Gasol, Victoria, Australia, and stole a safe and a revolver. He used stolen keys to open the main gate and took the safe from the governor's office. Breaking into an unoccupied part of the gasol, he forced the lock of the office door, stole the gate key from a drawer, opened the gate, backed a car up to the office window and loaded the safe into it. There were 22 passengers in the gasol, but no one made a sound.

MISTAKE

Salvatore Pecoraro, a Sicilian outlaw, escaped from an Italian prison term in 1964, where he was serving a 20-year sentence. He was not seen until recently. Then he was found because he made a mistake: people in Aix-En-Provence, where his virtuous wife lived, noticed that she was pregnant. Police searched the house—and in the basement they found Salvatore.

HAIR RAISING

You can be whisked! After conducting a barbers' college for 17 years in St. Joseph, Montana, U.S.A., during which time he had trained over 300 barbers, Frank Berry, aged 50, was fined

four pounds, ten shillings for harboring without a license.

STRANGE SENTENCE

William Johnson, aged 28, received eleven tickets for traffic offenses in the one day in New York. The charges included repeatedly driving on the wrong side of the road, passing "Go Slow" signs at high speed, ignoring red lights and having a noisy muffler. George Dean, J.P., judging the case, said: "Sentences suspended on condition that you attend church every Sunday for a year. If you miss church mass, you go to jail for 30 days."

OBSERVANT

Policeman George McDade, of the Vernon, Pennsylvania police, was asked by his chief for a description of the town's only police car, which was stolen while McDade was in charge. McDade thought for a while, then said: "It has four doors and Vernon Police painted on each side." It is not reported what the chief said to McDade.

ORGANS

Robert Metzler, an organist in a Chicago church, did not approve of the use of Mrs. Bella Davis' and her daughter's eyeless organs. He obtained a court order forbidding the women sitting him from the front pew.

Murder is a fine art

D. JUKES ■ FACT

Murder is Charley Russell's life. He "kills" people every week on TV—and he "kills" them in every possible way.

WHEN success in business comes with attention to detail, and murder is the business, it becomes logical that Charley Russell stands far above the most famous of history's murderers. Murder, to Charley, is a fine art—a delicate balance of means, opportunity and weapon. His artistic touch in murder leaves the British a bunch of amateurs in either of

Charley Russell's collection of murder weapons is vast



weapons is far more versatile than any killer of any historic age; his means of timing, planning and execution of the intricate details of a murder plan surpasses even a Machiavellian intelligence.

Murder in Charley's life. He works with it, thinks it, sees it and sleeps with murder in his dreams. Yet Charley is a cold-looking, soft-spoken man in his mid-thirties.

Charley never dreams of the "perfect murder" in which the crime is not detected and which passes off afterwards as suicide, accident, or natural causes; murder must be detected; the crime must be obvious and recognizable, for Charley kills two or three people every week as producer of New York's television mystery thriller series "Danger".

His research into the finer art of murder started when one of his

actors applied cyanide and too, immediately clutched his throat and expired before the cameras. The TV station was flooded with telephone calls from doctors, scientists and chemists, pointing out that it took much longer for cyanide to work.

Charley followed these calls to get the facts. Shortly afterwards an excited dragoon called the New York Police: "Hurry down here. There's a guy in my place with murder on his mind. He just asked me how long it takes cyanide to kill a human being." The cops hurried down and found—Charley.

However, his pertinacity is paying big dividends. These days, if one of his actors drink cyanide, he dies in the required time, and Charley has a stopper handy to knock him down to the last stage.

Gun wounds are difficult, Russell says. One night after wounding an

actor with a Colt .45, Charley received a phone call from a pistol expert and champion marksman.

"I'll stake my reputation," said the expert. "That a Colt .45 bullet fired at that close range would have blasted him out of the door."

As a result, all gunshots are directed against a bulletin file, and it is a dare "danger" hero who goes away with a more flesh wound than does the author.

The next thing comes is a blow to the head. No actor shuns his hand carefully after being stunned at the weight of the weapon and the force with which it was wielded is enough to crack his skull. Similarly the place of entry of a knife is carefully predetermined so that an authentic "death" can result.

Many people know that receivers greatly lose their accuracy over 50 yards—even if the bullet does have enough force left to kill a man at that distance. They know that a person has the favour of overwhelming odds when running away from a gunman. They can tell at a glance whether the length of the revolver barrel, the calibre of the bullet, and the cocaine specifications of the charge could knock about anything but a lucky shot. And if Russell makes a mistake, TV viewers tell him about it.

Always, too, the script has to be feasible. One "Danger" script called for Ira Marr, playing a disturbed little child, to drown a pet cat from his killing her sum-

"First I had to find out what a poison ferret was," Russell said. "Then I had to figure if it could actually kill a human being. After that, could it be drowned into doing it?"

He contacted a naturalist who explained that the ferret was a killer rodent native to Europe, that

THE MODEL HUSBAND

The wife took her husband along

To see the evergreen show,
She did not think she was
going wrong.

Though he didn't want rings,
A lovely gal—a model
Walked out in a dress of stone;

The wife whispered, "How
would you like that?"
And the husband said not
"Alone!"

it had often killed children when hungry or enraged; and that it would, in all probability kill an adult.

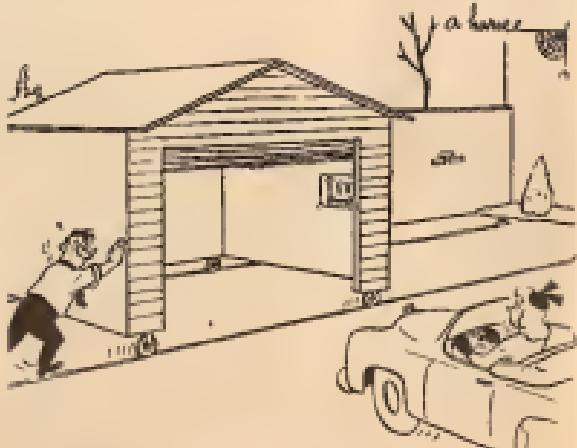
"He was vague about the charm angle," says Charley. "And asked me whether or not I had any I was planning to charm."

All "Danger" scripts don't work out as easily. Once Fay Hunter, playing a murder victim, had to take a rare and exotic poison which requires three or four hours to take effect. The problem lay in the fact that Miss Hunter had to expire before the commercial.

"The whole script depended on the poison, so we couldn't change that," Charley explained. "Obviously the poison die during the commercial—the sponsor would never go for that! So we had to figure out a place in the script where she could die."

He managed it by fading in on a clock, fading out and then fading back on the clock turned about to indicate the passing of time.

Economically, when "Danger" stories are set in exotic locales, the murder weapon is likely to be an inanimate object—scorpions, snakes



and paracels are all likely murder weapons.

Courts and coroners are worried not to detect. Even autopsy reports have to be accurate.

Playing the murderer of a woman, Lee Tracy was confronted with an autopsy report in which the coroner described the condition of her throat after the murderer. Charley checked the file. The doctor had described a throat strangled by rope, but the script called for Tracy to strangle her with his hands. The autopsy report was changed.

"Lawyers sit at home and just wait for you to make a legal mistake," Charley said. "For instance, we had Sarah Churchill playing the part of a woman facing a first degree murder charge. Lawyer wrote in by the hundreds stating that the most she could be tried for was manslaughter. Some of them offered to defend her."

If an actor is required to strangle around the neck and with weights tied to his ankles, and the cameras have to follow him down and remain with him to the final mouthful of water, Charley has to be careful of the safety of the actor.

Usually he has the drowning man panic, and so "die" sooner than ordinarily. The actor therefore has plenty of breath left when the cameras switch off him.

A strangulation is simple. There is no time for a trick knife to be fashioned in the back of the victim as it is possible to movies by stopping the cameras. Television is "live" and continuous.

Charley has worked out tricks which defy the man, despite television viewer, and he keeps those tricks to himself.

Russell's collection of weapons is vast. Knives, daggers, bayonets,

swords, pistols, rifles, shotguns and automobiles form the more spectacular part. They are representative of all historic ages.

All weapons, including homicide ones, which can be used for murder, are mentioned in the files. Each entry shows the way in which the weapon could be used to kill, how long after the deed death follows, and the actions, symptoms and sounds of death with the particular weapon.

Australia can expect to see some of Charley Russell's television principles in operation shortly. Who knows, we may soon see a second Charley Russell on an Australian golf course beating his club remorselessly, swing it over his head and look at his partner wonderingly, and know that he is planning next week's murder.

All of the problems Charley Russell answers have been answered before, for the films. But the techniques of film motion taken in any way set — the camera can pause for a minute or an hour while a gurnard is rugged, or while the undertaker takes the place of the star, or while a whole vista of violence is taken to the satisfaction of the prospective audience — and most convincingly.

In television this pause cannot be allowed, with the result that some substitute has to be found in give an instantaneous impression of the effect sought. For example, the old trick is a knife, the blade of which retracts into the handle, used in a stabbing. In movies the cameras can be halted while the shaft of the knife is attached to the victim's back to complete the stabbing illusion. In television a suction cup has to be used so that as the knife is stabbed the blade retracts and the handle adheres to the victim's body.

THIS IS A ZOMBIE

PETER HARGRAVES ■ FACT

HER face was blank; her eyes were dead. She was clad in a rough working dress and she shrank with fear from all who approached her. The farmer, on whose property she had suddenly appeared, recognized her as his sister, Felicia Falke-Minier. She had been dead for 28 years.

It was Dr. Ryka Leon, then Director-General of Public Health in North, who reported the case in 1932. He gleaned the facts from Felicia's brother, the woman had married a small shopkeeper in the town of Easby. After becoming suddenly ill in 1903, she had died and was buried in the local cemetery.

Dr. Leon ordered that the grave be exhumed. They found the remains of a coffin, rotten away to a few scraps of wood. But there was not a single bone of the skeleton that should have been present.

Felicia's husband was located. He had remarried. When presented to Felicia, he identified her as his first wife. But she did not recognize him.

She died a few months later in hospital. Her trace was found at the man responsible for her second wife. Indeed, during those 28 years she had been considered dead and evidently she had been well hidden, while acting as slave to the man who made her a zombie. Police believed the lad escaped and that Felicia had led her back to the farm where she and her brother had been raised.



If you think zombies are the products of horrific rituals of satanism, look at this picture. She is a zombie!

The zombie is a product of voodoo. He dwelt secret cult which has flourished in the West Indian, the Caribbean and the deep South of the United States since the 17th century.

Zombies are popularly supposed to be people who have died, then risen from their graves to walk the earth as unthinking zombies. Only the last part of the description is correct. The zombie is not a risen dead man.

The zombies are closely resembled in Haiti-as persons who have been placed in a cataleptic state with narcotics drugs secretly administered by a voodoo sorcerer or "bozzo", as he is called in Haiti.

After the administration of the drug, the zombie immediately takes on the appearance of death. Because of the tragic hold he continues while at times in burying him. After they depart, the boozo and his henchmen appear on the scene. They dig up the coffin and resurrect the "corpse", who is now their ready-made slave.

They can sell him as a zombie to some distant plantation, where there is little chance of his being seen by his relatives.

Zombies are thus beyond all assistance. The vegetable drug that was surreptitiously administered by the boozo, called wanga or hango, permanently paralyzes part of the brain cells.

The zombie suffers little physical effect, but he is incapable of thought. When the boozo rouses him from the coffin, he can obey orders to work, eat, drink and sleep. He is completely oblivious of any reason for doing so. If told to throw himself over a cliff he would obey.

An American journalist named Charles Stroh, investigating

zombies of Haiti recently, consulted a local old "bringeron" or voodoo priest in a hut that served as the temple on the outskirts of Port-au-Prince. His opinion:

"There are two kinds of dead," the ancient croaked, "the dead of God and the dead of the boozos. The dead of God can never be removed; the dead of the boozos not only can be, but frequently are."

Behind the housetop was a crude wooden altar. It was covered with a red cloth on which reposed a collection of old rum bottles, the carved head of a mace, bowls full of dried reptile skin and numerous other objects.

Unlike most housetops he was willing to talk of voodoo and zombies. They are not the work of priests such as himself, but of boozos. He explained that zombies generally are created for one of two reasons-revenge by an enemy or cheap labour for a landowner. The boozo is paid to do his work.

According to the housetop, the boozo works till dark and then begins "incantations" to summon the dark powers of the voodoo world to help him.

"Then," the old man explained, "he mounts his horse with his booz to the boozos' aid, and rides off to the house of his victim. Disrobing, he places his lips to the mouth of the door and sucks out the soul."

The booz rides home and waits. In a few hours his victim is dead. His family burns him. At midnight the booz and his assistants go to the grave. They open it. Binding down, the booz calls the dead man by name. The Haitian believes he must answer because the booz "holds his soul in his hands."

They take him to the booz's headquarters, where he is given a draft of a secret potion. "He



"Just a minute, Bob . . . that was only the rehearsal of the wedding, and you knew it!"

then becomes a zombie," the boun-
gan told Charles Bono, "and will
never speak again or return to
the tomb. He will obey the boozor
to all things until the latter dies."

Of course, what really happens,
is that the victim is surreptitiously
fed drugs to make him take on the
appearance of death. These drugs
are sold in cans from a rare cactus
plant, the properties of which were
discovered centuries ago. A profound
state of stupor, resembling
death, comes in a few hours.

The boozor can revive the vic-
tim by administering any of a
number of secret antidotes, which
enable the corpse to be resusc-
itated into a zombie.

Zombie secrets were brought to
Haiti when the ancestors of the
present natives arrived on the
island from Africa as slaves. Their
masters, French landowners, heard
rumors that the voodoo experts
among them possessed the secret of
"raising the dead". Because the
landowners had to pay taxes on the
number of slaves they owned, and
because of the constant threat of
slave revolt, they paid the voodoo
priests to administer their secret
potions of worms or frogs to selected
slaves—generally the best work
ers.

The future zombies fell into the
catastrophic traps. They were buried
and reported to the authorities as
dead.

On the night following their
burial, trusted servants dug up
their bodies. They were handed
over to the boozor, who soon re-
vived them. They were kept in
several quarters, away from the
other slaves, and appeared on no
records in the landowner's books.
No tools were paid on them. At
work day was almost as valuable
as before—and they were now as
deaf as babies.

Eventually, however, revolt did
sweep Haiti. It became a rebellion.
The slaves, including thousands of
zombies, were released. A little
over a year ago, a retired British
missionary, the Rev. Arthur Turn-
ball, who has spent 41 years in
Haiti, disclosed in a London paper
his personal acquaintance with a
modern zombie. Mr. Turnbull was
friendly with a general in the
Haitian army. Possibly the general
himself involved in a raid
with a well-known voodoo sorcerer.

The latter predicted the general
would die within 10 days. He died
on the ninth day. Mr. Turnbull saw
his body and performed his funeral
service. But some of the general's
friends were suspicious. After a
couple of days, they uncovered his
grave. It was empty.

A posse trailed the boozor and
a number of followers up into the
mountains. The posse passed on
their quarry and the natives took
fright and left a prisoner behind.
It was the general. He seemed
dead, as though in a coma. He
could not speak and his brain
seemed no stronger than that of a
comatose idiot.

The general was a zombie.
The boozor was never caught and
his victim was condemned to a
life in an asylum until his death.

This was no more nor less than
the truth of the matter, and as
a result the poor victim was a
senseless, unintelligent thing in
human form. There was no "left"
in anybody's part; it was a trans-
formation which had completely
undermined the "self".

The apparently alert, intelligent,
commanding figure of yesterday
had become an incomprehensible
thing. The native minds of the
commonly were more than willing
to attribute this to some super-
natural power held by the people

who had effected the transformation.
And so the legend of the
zombie was perpetuated and
spread.

It is no wonder that the zombies
became a keyword and objects of
fury and sympathy among their
followers. And the sympathy was
deserved—not because the zombies
were victims of some uncontroll-
able, supernatural power, but because
of the simple elemental
fear which, in the hands of a
few who-were-cited, an amazing
change in known people in a
very limited space of time. The

Fear of revolt by natives influenced the original
fondness of Haiti to make zombies of their slaves





The secret of the GHOSTLY BELLS

The spirited Gold had a clever set-up which only a worried brother could uncover and find—murder!

JOHN GOLD, partner in a prosperous Washington manufacturing company, was worried about his young brother, Ashley. He had not heard from him for nearly a year. Letters he had written to the boarding house where Ashley lived, on Lakewood Avenue in the St. Louis suburb of Webster Groves, were not answered.

Gold went to Missouri and interviewed the landlady, an attractive full-figured blonde named Mrs. Cors Shanks. She told him that Ashley Gold had moved out in the previous January. She had not seen or heard of him since.

She produced several of his unanswered letters to his brother and told John Gold that Ashley had returned home one afternoon, told her he was leaving and moved out as soon as he packed his bag. He gave no reason for leaving.

Mrs. Shanks gave Gold the address of a builder named Peabody in a nearby town. Ashley had worked for him as a carpenter.

As Gold left the boarding house, a woman motioned to him from a nearby alley. "We got something

JAMES MOLLEDOE • FACT

to tell you," she said. "I work for Mrs. Shanks, and I don't want her to see me. Walk down at the corner, and I'll join you in half an hour."

Gold waited and was joined by the woman some 20 minutes later. Mrs. Shanks had bid about her brother returning and announcing his departure. He had simply disappeared. For two nights her room was unoccupied. Then Mrs. Shanks told her he had left and ordered her to prepare for a new guest.

"I think he was murdered," said the maid. "He carried a lot of money on him in a money belt. I've seen it when I was doing his room. Mrs. Shanks might not have done the actual killing, but she knows all about it. I'm sure of that. She had a guilty look about her if I've ever seen one."

But the woman knew nothing more. On the Saturday afternoon he left his job, Ashley had called at his home and made a date with his mother for Sunday. He did not keep the appointment, nor did he return even once.

It was in an atmosphere such as this that John Gold was told his murdered brother was alive.



When feeling suffocated in a badly ventilated room, a person says he "cannot get his breath," in the belief that his lungs are affected. Actually, his discomfort is caused by his pores, which, owing to the stillness of the air are unable to take their excessive heat and moisture. Tests showed that such persons have felt no relief after breathing outdoor air through a tube, while others outdoors have felt no distress after breathing through a tube, the "hot" air of the room.

John Gold went to the police. They offered to let his brother as a missing person but could do no more until shown more tangible evidence that he had come to harm.

To find that evidence, Gold scoured lodgings in Mrs. Stanko's boarding house. He spoke with fellow boarders. None had seen his brother leave. When they had mentioned his absence to Mrs. Stanko, she had told them he had left.

Gold discovered that Mrs. Stanko and her husband were separated, he going to California. But that was after the disappearance of Ashby.

Gold mentioned to Mrs. Stanko that he heard she disliked a spectator. He suggested she call up his brother. The woman agreed. If Ashby was dead, she promised him, she would surely be able to sense his spirit.

But Ashby did not answer the vibrations of the handbag as, clutched in a revering manner, the bell over a table in a dimly lit room.

"I am sure your brother is not

dead," she told Gold. "If he were dead he would have answered. I have never failed in establishing contact with a departed spirit."

She then produced a crystal ball. Early looking needles were lit incense curled up from a small bowl on the table. Mrs. Stanko looked into the ball. "Ashley Gold is alive. I can see him in a peaceful setting — a palm clad beach. There's a girl with him. She's a pretty little thing, I suppose. She's putting her arms round his neck. They're embracing and kissing. The scene seems to be in South America, or it could be Florida or perhaps Southern California."

Mrs. Stanko suddenly pushed the ball away. "There. We gone," she said with urgency, "but you can take my word, Mr. Gold, your brother is very much alive."

John Gold heard the sound of bells, merrily far away. He went to the window, and pulling the heavy curtain aside, he spied it and leaned out.

He heard nothing. As soon as he turned back into the room, however, the tolling was distinctly audible again.

Mrs. Stanko was looking at him with amazement. "The bells are comes from Kansas City," she said. "You only hear them because I am here. I can bring the sounds to me, as clearly that others can hear. In Kansas City it is the hour of prayer meeting. My beloved mother and sister are attending. They seem closer to me. I can bring the sound of the bells. I concentrate on the bells of Kansas City, and the sounds come to me and to those with me. You hear no other bells."

The ringing ceased. "See," said Mrs. Stanko, "the worshippers are in the churches. The bells here

ceased during the prayer meeting." She closed her eyes. "I can see my mother and sister. They are sitting in our family pew. Their lips are moving. They are praying — praying for me."

Gold watched the conversation back to his brother. He told Mrs. Stanko that he was convinced his brother was dead.

"You shall see, Mr. Gold," she promised. "You must have patience. You will soon learn that he is alive and well. I would not be surprised if you get a letter from him. The crystal ball experiment will probably put the thoughts of his family in his mind."

Gold stayed for a week in the boarding house. But he found nothing tangible about the brother, so returned to his business in Washington. A few days after leaving home, he received a postcard from Long Beach in California. Both the message and the address were typed. The message read: "Hello, John. I am fine and hope you are the same. I will write a letter when I get some time. Always."

Gold was convinced the card was a fake to kill his suspicions. He had never known Ashby to use a typewriter. Why had no address been given for a reply?

Gold returned to St. Louis and again saw the police. They decided to arrest Mrs. Stanko for her spiritualism and interrogate her about Ashley Gold. A raid was made and she was caught with a crowd of people listening to the church bells from Kansas City.

Concealed in the room police found a telephone. Before each assault Mrs. Stanko rang a conference, living nearby, and left the receiver off the hook. During the "service" the confederates rang bells in front of her phone. The

noise was relayed plainly into the sound room as mysterious and ghoulish pealing.

Mrs. Stanko confessed to her part in the killing of Ashley Gold. She and her husband, Frank, had planned it. He took the boarder for a walk one Saturday night and he never returned.

Frank Stanko was arrested in Long Beach, California. He admitted killing Gold in self-defense in a fight and later dumping the body in the Mississippi River. It was never recovered.

With the arrest of Frank Stanko the pattern began to take the definite shape of a murder solved.

There was little difficulty in establishing that Stanko had sent the post card, thinking that the typewriter would substitute for the handwriting of a man already dead, not realizing that the very fact of the typing would arouse the suspicion the card was dictated to him.

The precision in the place where the card was posted, and the fact that Gold had used no address for a reply, were both points seized by the police.

Mrs. Stanko realized there could be only one end to the game of evasion. Her nerve broke and she confessed herself.

Meanwhile, police in California who were holding Frank Stanko established that he had killed and robbed an old prospector named Dave Carlson, whose body had been found in a lonely section of the California desert.

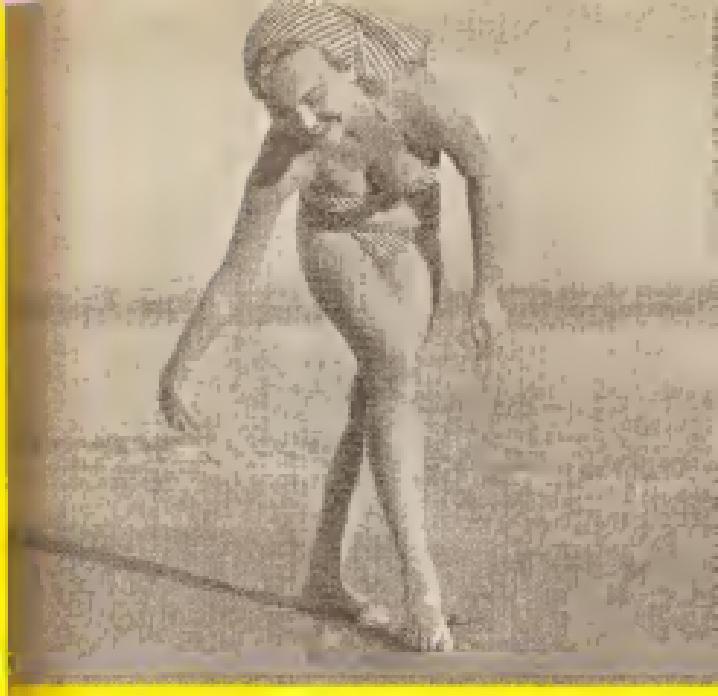
Stanko confessed to the second murder. He was sentenced to life in San Quentin, with the previous charge in St. Louis still hanging over him if he ever got out. It was a worry he never had to face. He died in his cell after serving nine years.

Blonde Rhapsody



Beaches have pebbles, sand, foam and water; there in summer will be your sun and laughter, you'll see some boats, seashells and shells, you'll see laughing boys and happy girls, and near the water—be a beach, lake or pond—you're bound to see a lovely blonde.

From the blonde in the seeds whom you've just seen—we pass down the beach to Marilyn Dean. This lovely girl gives the piano and sings such talent and beauty soon acquire rings



Believe it or not, the ladies in the photo are still young! Left—my sister, Gigi Moore, in Columbia's "Majorettes." Below, she's one of the models, looking picture-perfect. Gigi's mother, Gigi's mom, is my mother, Mrs. Gigi Moore, but we'll leave her name out of this column.



PENGUIN WALKABOUT

When the Edinburgh Zoo was short-handed during the last World War its 18 penguins one day found the gates between their enclosure and the street partly open. They immediately embarked on a sightseeing tour. Walking up the footpath in close formation, they stopped some three blocks away to watch the traffic. They were fascinated for an hour and a half, then returned home. As the penguins caused no trouble and apparently had enjoyed their journey, they were allowed to repeat it every afternoon, at the company of their keeper.

AMPERESAND

Called the ampersand, "&" is the oldest symbol representing a word in the world today. Originally it was one of the 4000 signs in a shorthand system created by Marcus Tullius in 93 B.C. to record the speeches in the Roman Senate. Although the system and all other symbols have been forgotten for centuries, "&" continues to be used as the abbreviated form of "and" in many languages.

MAGNETIC NORTH

Equipped with special instruments designed for the purpose, the first plane to search for the exact position of the Magnetic North Pole was the Ardea, a Royal

Air Force Lancaster that made flights over and around the assumed location on Boothia Peninsula, Canada, between May 19 and 26 1949. The aviators found that the magnetic pole was almost 220 miles north-north-west of the spot long indicated on the maps, but that it was still some 1,200 miles south of the North Pole.

VICTORIA FALLS

Victoria Falls, in Southern Rhodesia, Africa, produces the most famous sunshowers. During the summer, when the Zambezi River goes over these falls in a volume 20 times larger than of any other time of the year, the spray is so great that more than a hundred of these arcs have been seen on the moonlit nights of a single season.

EYELIDS

One of the strangest symbols known is produced by a rare species of British fish, known as the eel-like ray, or *Raja circularis*. The lid is round, has a large fringed edge and is located inside the eyeball, directly under—instead of over—the glassy cornea.

TIRTH

Louis Kifras, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, U.S.A., tossed a half-orange out of the window of a bus, but discovered later that his lower dentures had been turned in the orange.



Pearl of Parapee

Steve was groping for a memory. Then it came — of a basement staring into the prisoner's hold. But the memory came too late . . .

BLOOD pounded in London's brain as he struggled to reach the surface. Up, up he went, while his brain reeled. The jagged's surface rattled resentfully; it broke under the up-thrust of London's head. Air slipped past his teeth; he snatched at it. It hacked his throat and scorched his chest, but he had to go on taking it in quick, short gulps until he could suck on it deeply. Then it was sweet with a sting, but heating, tang to his lungs.

"Where? That was close!" He floated, letting triple water lava him. "I'm getting better; I nearly bothered I wished—"

Of what now was wishing? His forearm's gear was useless and he could not repair it; he must dive back to explore the bottom. If he wanted to follow up his hunch which had become an obsession. He had stalked all on a beach that good pearls could be found in the Pacific, with the island of Parapee the men hope he had bought stores for a year and a laggon; London was owner, captain, and crew.

Steve swam ashore. He dried off walking along the sand to where the stuff. A cut sea island along its base, and his hanger was there, snug against the cliff, with the last bone at low water; it merged into the cliff in a craggy-

pace of sandstone embankments. He climbed aboard and stood on the fore-deck. He reached for a pair of shorts.

"Oh! — I —"

Steve's eyes jerked around in time to see a wisp of flaxen hair disappear down the aft companion way. Halting instant, he stepped forward, then stopped, grimacing. On an unhabited island, a woman was a miracle. He shrugged and doffed his shorts.

"Come up. I want to know why, how, and who, sisiter."

"Y-y-y-y." She came slowly, her head a flaxen flower in full bloom; it had stems of twin plait draped over her bosom to her waist. Her eyes were like blue sapphires set in pale-crown velvet, but they were sombre and frightened, though her wide-red lips had an uncertain smile. "I'm sorry."

German, Steve guessed, and his heart rose. He had no love for them; they had shown none to him when, as a boy on a tramp, he had been taken by a Nazi soldier. His smile faltered away, like a frightened meadow, at the hostility in his eyes.

"Sister, you're sorry you went straight, but I'm still asking."

The velvet round her eyes peaked, rattling curtains off the nap-

phrases but bringing up their fire "You do go off the deep end!" She had learned that in the States, Steve thought. "Well, I saw your boat and came aboard when I got no answer to my call."

As hard as diamonds, Steve reckoned; she had to be to have lived through it, and her theory had been proved to getting older by time spent in the States. "You'd better talk."

She sighed. "I walked across the island. We thought it was uninhabited. I'm with Dr. Bruckner's party on the *Tempest*. We anchored in the other lagoon last night just before dark. I'm Miss Schermer."

"Is that so?" It was brittle with hostility. The daughter of Commander Schermer, second in command of the *Valkyrie*? It had been the best of them, but London had not got over hating the best, and he hated her for being who she was. "Who's Bruckner?"

"He lived in America for years. He's — a —" She must be thinking up a lie, or was not sure of the truth, "a geologist or a — a scientific expedition."

"Oh, yeah? Where do you fit in there?"

"Um — He's an old family friend. At least, I think he knew my father well. He helped me to get to America."

Steve watched her broodingly. She was defiant, not caring if he thought the worst of her, and he was thinking just that. "OK, come below. I'll need a drink to sort it all out."

She went reluctantly, propelled by his powerful grip on her arm in the silence. He blocked the doorway while he reached for a bottle of whisky, but he left it on the shelf and looked at her. He had a throb, but no longer would note it; it had been dormant so long he

had thought it dead; it was a thrill to play off for some that he had had to take. He could pay some right then. She was Schermer's daughter, he hated her, but he had to go on hating himself that when he slid an arm around her waist and cupped her skin with his free hand.

Her lips clamped tightly; she was passive, but brittle with suppressed hostility. He kissed her savagely, trying to wrench looseness from her lips, then he eased back and looked down at her. Her arms were supinely wrapped with hers, he hated himself then, but he kissed her again, long and briefly, then suddenly, flung her away from him.

She clutched the wall for support, and her eyes held bleak reproach. "And I thought I'd left all that behind."

"On the way," he said snidely. "No, in the present! I'm only twenty now."

Twenty? It meant she had been drawn when the war had ended. Diana Schermer for having a daughter so young! Barnaby made his voice rough. "Then I guess it wasn't your fault I was a passenger on the *Valkyrie*."

"Oh — I think I understand." She seemed to grow with pride. "My father was as kind a man as he could be. Perhaps he died because of that. I'd — like to go now."

"I'll come with you. I'd — er — like to meet your friends."

Bruckner was forty-five and put himself out to make the Australian welcome. The *Tempest* was a luxury ocean-going yacht, its engines the latest in speed and power. Cap'ain Tolken, a square-jawed with hard eyes, bowed stiffly. Small, in Mutual beach-wear, plus a belted gift was suitable when introduc-

d to a sensible assistant. The engineer was suspicious, and Bligh the cook, was just plain, but ugly.

Two one-eyed men, also with scars, were not introduced, and London guessed that three negroes who had watched him come aboard, white eyes rolling, made up the crew. He explained his presence on *Papagei*. "Just pottering round."

"To get off the beaten track of I only stayed here to paint the oiler."

"He need a place at my! Bloody trough!"

"These islands do things to a man; I haven't started. I hope I won't be in your way. Nothing sub-hands, I suppose?"

"Oh, no! Purely scientific," Bruckner assured him.

Which was one big blurt, Steve told himself, walking back. Bruckner wanted the island to himself, and he did not want an easy armed man for a scientific expedition on an uncharted island. Steve naked his memory; the other man meant nothing to him, too he had a vague suspicion that, somewhere, some time, he had bumped into Tolken.

Poor grew in this during the following fortnight. But she had nothing to tell London when he tried to learn about it. He shagged, and they walked along the beach, only to step beside one of Bruck-



"All right, you're NOT impossible . . . you're just highly improbable!"

boat's many excursions; it was like a short, shallow grove. Steve thought.

Drukhin joined them but he broke off casual conversation to peer intently into the sky. An aeroplane, flying high, swooped towards the island, banking suddenly. It made three runs over the lagoon, where the *Tremont* was anchored.

Steve broke the silence. "It's a long way from here for an Australian Navy plane." He laughed softly. "I reckon hell know your yacht, if he sees it from up top again, Doctor."

"Probably!" Drukhin's voice turned like lava because cordial. "We'll probably sail tomorrow, so we're having a quiet celebration tonight. We'd be glad if you'd join us, London?" Then, "You'd better come with me, Max. I'd like you to get my notes into order before we leave here."

That night, Steve boarded the yacht and headed for the big saloon. Toller called to him that Max was in the smaller saloon. Steve glanced up; Toller's face framed by the top of the open piano-way, stared down at him. Steve nodded and turned, prepared for a memory.

He found that memory as he entered the small saloon. It was one of a Lieutenant sitting down into the prisoner held on the Valkyrie. He had not been Toller then, but his memory came too late. Black hair from behind, and Steve blacked-out.

Water brought London back to consciousness; it was lapping around him on the floor of the saloon.

Water came in with a rush which swept him off his feet. The lights blacked-out, and the yacht tilted heavily at the bows.

Lipschitz knew what had happened; the gas-cocks had been opened, and the *Tremont* had been scuttled. He groped blindly for the companion-way, but, as he reached its foot, a torrent of water poured over him, the bows of the yacht dipped further, and the *Tremont* nose-dived for the bottom.

Lipschitz lunged to the gray of pro-down, but the weight still pressed on him, constricting his lungs, suffocating him. Yet no claim of death possessed him; he was conscious vaguely of the warmth of life. Leisure, he was conscious of growing light; of a rising sun but it hung suspended there above his eyes, and it had twin beads set in it, like blue sapphires. And it had soft, warm lips which pressed to him.

"I dove overboard when they were working the luggers out of the lagoon," Max told him later. "It was my first chance to get away. I meant to die when I saw the *Tremont* nose-dived, but I found you, and life was worth fighting for then."

"Yes, but what's it all about?"

"Treasure! The Valkyrie buried a hoard, but the plans were wrong. My father made them wrong purposefully. Drukhin knew I could give the plan, even though I was told aware it was a plan. That's why they kept me alive after I'd given him the plan. Of course the treasure was for Nazi leaders, if they lost the war."

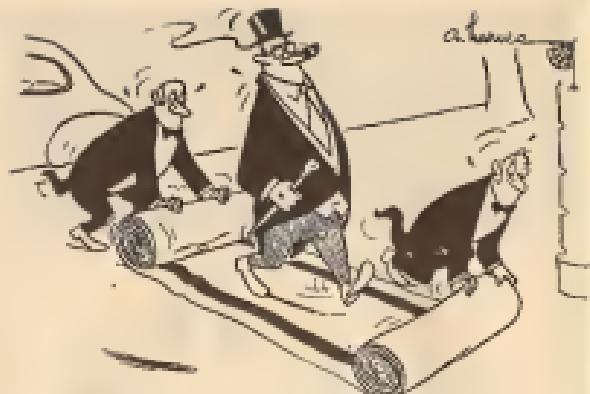
She smiled at him apathetically. "I'm sorry you can't get any of the treasure, Steve; it might have made up for you not finding any pearls."

Steve gritted back at her. He should worry about the pearls of Persepolis when the hand cradled in his arm had hair of golden flax and eyes that were twin blue sapphires.

CARTOON CAVALCADE



"You wouldn't look good in either one . . . why don't we stay home?"



"Hello, Mr. Marlowe . . . from me?"



CAVALCADE, September, 1955

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"Hello, Merlin, can you come out and play?"

CAVALCADE, September 1955

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NOTICE To CAVALCADE READERS

So widespread has been the acclaim for Cavaleade's "Know-yourself" articles, that the magazine will, from next issue lay emphasis to this helpful and informative type of reading.

Cavaleade's Photo and Picture features will continue and cartoon contest will be enlarged. Price of the new, larger publication will be 2/-.



The mighty atom of swat

Jimmy Wilde wrote an unforgettable chapter in British boxing. He was probably the greatest fighter of all time.

RAY MITCHELL • FACT

ONLY scientists spoke of splitting the atom thirty or forty years ago—the men in the street never gave it a thought. But many spoke of the possibility of smashing the atom, many wondered if the atom would ever be torn asunder. But they did not mean the atom bomb—they were not thinking of uranium—the atom then under much discussion was "The Mighty Atom," Jimmy Wilde, probably the greatest fighting machine ever to grace the ring.

Jimmy Wilde was a freak. Five feet, two-and-a-half inches tall, he never weighed more than seven stone, seven pounds and was under 100 pounds when he won the world flyweight title. They called him "The Ghost With The Hammer In His Hand" because he looked like a sickly child, yet could—and did—blister lightweights with a punch which carried much more power than his body weight. Scientists, doctors and boxing experts all tried to solve the enigma of Jimmy Wilde. How could such a small frame pack so much dynamism? No one ever arrived at a satisfactory answer. Maybe, with the size of the



A package of dynamite, weighing only about a hundred pounds, Jimmy Wilde is believed to have had about 300 fights for only four hours.

current when bombs in relation to their devastating power, there could be an answer to the Wilde riddle.

Jimmy was the first world fly-weight champion and he held that title longer than any flyweight since—six and a half years. And because he was so small and so good, he had to fight bastards, featherweights and even lightweights in order to keep busy! Indeed, Jimmy did not fight with the 132 pound boys—he sparred with heavyweights on shore toots and on one occasion sparred with the British heavyweight champion, Birmingham's Billy Wells, with much effect that Wells called it off after a couple of rounds because he couldn't beat the little phantom.

The record books list 141 fights to the credit of Wilde, with 75 knock-out victories and just four losses. But Wilde fought many more fights than that; he fought as often and in as many places that no one is sure how many contests he did have. He says he fought over 500 and that figure, extending through it all, could be near the mark. And still he lost but four contests.

Most of millions, friends of Raynay, a man who did as much for British boxing as any in its long history, Wilde set England to wondering when he finally lost his title in one of the greatest exhibitions ever seen in the ring.

It took time for Wilde to reach popular acclaim. Born in Foweyrdd, Wales, on May 12, 1882, he worked in the mines before he reached school-leaving age. He was frail, but wary and found no difficulty doing the work.

He seemed destined to remain a miner until Jack Sharrett and his boxing tent arrived. Sharrett conducted a boxing tourney and



Jimmy entered in the amateur flyweight bout at seven, 5 pounds. He weighed six stone, nine eight, but he knocked out two opponents in two rounds each and won the final in four rounds. For this he received a coffee pot—and an ambition to make his mark in the boxing world.

Turning professional, Jimmy won eight after eight and usually received five shillings for his efforts. The crowds laughed at him because of his size, but after a few fights they began to marvel at the small will-of-the-wisp. He panted to jounce and would be hauled by and while travelling on a boxing test that he peeked a terrific wallop and was as elusive as a shadow.

In one day Wilde fought sixteen



fights and won 11 by knock-outs. The other—a lad of nearly 90 lbs. and nine and a half stone—lapsed the disease. For his day's work Wilde received 20 shillings!

The record books do not list Jimmy's fights before 1911. He had 24 fights that year, winning 18 by knock-out, and every time he gave away weight—usually more than a stone.

Only one fight of 24 lasted the scheduled 12 rounds during 1911, and in 1912 he won 14 of 24 fights by the short route.

In a contest for the British flyweight title with Toney Lee in 1913, Wilde suffered his first loss. Lee won by knockout in the seventeenth round, but Jimmy was returning from the U.S. He revenge'd himself upon Lee the following year by

knocking him in the end of the test when he was knocked out by Freddie Wills in one of the most courageous displays ever seen in the boxing ring.

a win in 12 hard-fought rounds.

It wasn't until December 10, 1914, that the first official world flyweight title was held. Wilde knocked out the American, Eddie Hart, in 11 rounds.

Joining the Army, Wilde could not fight for money, but this was overcome in his fight with American lightweight Joe O'Conor. Jimmy received a small sack of diamonds when he won by a knock-out in the fifth round.

It was in the final of the International King's Trophy Competition that Wilde suffered his second

deaf). American Pal Moore outpointed him over thirty rounds. He got revenge on Moore the next year by winning a points decision over 30 rounds.

Following his loss to Moore, Jimmy showed America his prowess by thoroughly trouncing lightweight Jack Sharkey in a tremendous no-decision contest. Wilde had the rated lightweight on the floor.

Wilde was never dedicated in America until his last fight. But in 1921, then on the down grade, he was matched to fight Pete Hernandez. Pete was world bantam champion when the match was made and he signed to defend his title against Wilde in London. But Jimmy's reputation was well known and Pete did not want to leave his title in England so before letting America be "lost" his crown to Joe Lynch, who had already been beaten by the Mighty Atom. Finally he lost his crown to Lynch, officially he lost his crown to Lynch, as he re-won it after the Wilks fight.

The promoters of the Wilde-Herman fight were two Americans. They hired the Albert Hall for the occasion and guaranteed each fighter \$2000. But when Herman arrived in England without his title, the promoters told him flatly that he would receive only \$1000. When Herman argued, they pointed out that he had broken the contract by defending his title in America after agreeing to defend it against Wilde. Herman had no alternative but to go through with the bout, although he had a trick up his sleeve.

Wilde demanded his \$2000 before the fight, and he got it.

It seemed that all England rolled up for that fight; it was a sell-out and the Prince of Wales, a Welsh

admirer, was present. But there were a couple of hitchas. Curiously, Herman devastated his money—\$1000, not \$2000—or he would not fight. Then Wilde went over and refused to fight.

The crowd, which had come in good-humour, grew ugly when it was announced that the Battling Laskinsky—Bomber Joe Wells fight was off. The promoters were not going to announce that the Wilde-Herman fight was off too. But as time dragged on the crowd became impatient. Herman agreed that Wilde would not appear, and a riot seemed imminent. Finally the Prince of Wales was told. He went to Jimmy that he would like to see him fight Herman. It was a Royal Command and Jimmy had to fight.

Had the Prince seen Jimmy before he needed his request, he would not have done so. For it was obvious that Jimmy was not in good health. "I will do my best," he said to the Prince as he passed,

Jimmy took a hitting that night. Patches landed on him that he would have slipped before, his own punching-power was absent and Herman capitalized on it. The hitting was systematic, and in the seventeenth round Herman sent Wilde through the ropes, where he had hit the ring apron with a reverting wheel. That wheel later robbed the great little Welshman of his title; it left him with headaches for months.

But Wilde got up. Twice more he was sent to the floor, and each time he got to his feet. The referee walked between them and observed Herman the winner. Wilde angrily protested; so the referee picked him up in his arms and carried him to his corner. "Your heart is to big for your body, Jimmy," he

said. And how right he was. Wilde did not fight again, except for engaging in an exhibition bout with Peter Palmer, for almost two and a half years. But America became interested in a Filipino, Pancho Villa, and Jimmy was offered a tremendous sum to go to New York to defend his title. Jimmy knew he could not win; he knew that he was but a shadow of his former greatness, but he could not refuse the offer. He went to New York and tangled with Villa on June 14, 1921.

That fight the gods down in history. Those who saw it claim Wilde's display as one of the greatest ever seen. Even so, Jimmy did some damage to Villa early in

the fight. He staggered the fiery Filipino in the second round and made Villa treat him with respect. But as the bell ended the second round and Jimmy dropped his hands, Villa had a punch on the way; it landed on Wilde's jaw and dropped him to the canvas. From them on it was all Villa. Wilde won out on his feet and had no recollection of what happened from that moment until three weeks later, when he woke to find himself at a medical college.

Wilde never fought again. In his career of over 600 fights, only two men proved his master—both on both occasions Wilde was past his prime. He was the greatest of the great.



"Tough! What a shock for the poor guy!"



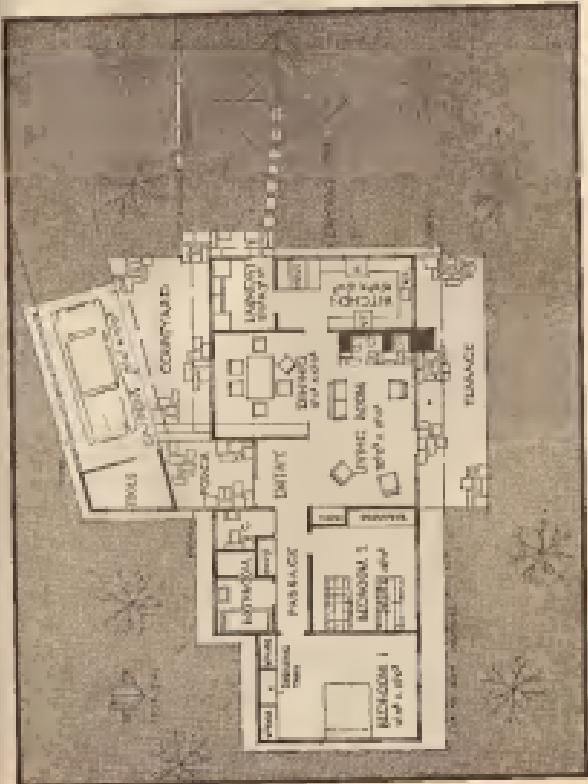
CAVALCADE HOME OF THE MONTH

H. J. MORGAN

THIS house, 12½ squares floor area, is designed for indoor-outdoor living. The house will fit comfortably on a 60' 0" wide block of land. Bedrooms, living room and kitchen obtain a northerly view and the terrace in front of the living room and kitchen make outdoor dining and living ideal. A screen at the western end of the terrace protects it from undesirable westerly winds whereas full benefit is gained from cooling north-easterlies. Cupboards are provided in all rooms where required and a meal recess in the kitchen is in a

position convenient for serving. The portico is placed near to the entrance to protect it from southerly weather and is placed at an acute angle to the entry court so that visitors approaching the house are led into the front door. The construction is of timber with vertical boarding externally and timber panelling, fibrous plaster or other suitable material internally. The fireplace is constructed of stone or brick-work. The roof is a gable over the living area, corrugated asbestos cement lining, with a flat roof over tool store and portico.

No. 19 A HOME FOR INDOOR-OUTDOOR LIVING





Lucky Ludlow

I got the break, I admit. But I might have let a little slip through my fingers if I had not been ready to take advantage of the break.

WADE B. RUBOTTON
• FICTION

JUST PAST Diamond Head Lighthouse, my J. Plymouth gathered to a stop. I swear under my breath. Already I could hear my wife confirming: "I forgot to fill the gas tank."

I swore some more, rubbed yesterday's shave, and listened to the rain. Big drops, suspended, and cloud high, beat the car.

Time is always of the essence; it's tracking down a murderer. Gittin' it's a matter of minutes. Sevens. It's always a matter of luck.

And I had used my own car to save time. They call me Lucky Ludlow. The first Honolulu homicide in months and I'm late. Plunger will have the case wrapped up before I get there. He'd like that. How he would like that. There's nothing like having your amateur brother do your job to keep you on your toes.

There's what I had to do—get on my toes. Get and beat myself to the scene of the crime. There wasn't likely to be a car coming my way—or any way. Week-night traffic is not heavy here after midnight.

I opened the car door and pushed aside the rain.

When two headlights curved into view, I snapped on my flashlight. The car was Waikiki-bound, but I didn't see Honolulu

motivists are generally bright. I swung the dash below my belt like a banjo. A high grey Thrush passed. Stopped, I peered my hedge and flashlight toward the dark lowering window. "Lieutenant, detective, Horowitz."

"What is it, Sergeant?" His voice was deep.

"I can't get out of gas. I need a lift—about a mile from here—not your way."

Under my flashlight beam and his Porson's hat, I could see the guy trying to make up his mind. "Yeah, sure, Sergeant! Get in out of the rain."

I opened the back door, showed some display advertising cards and set them down.

He, unshaven, sped up his window shield wipers, and asked, "What's the trouble?"

"Murders. We don't get many of them here." To make conversation, I added, "See you work for Proctor and Gamble."

"What?"

"These display cards" I unconsciously pointed with my flashlight and automatically pressed the switch.

"Oh, that. Sorry."

I pondered that a bit. "How's business?"

"Can't complain."

I continued to ponder his working for Proctor and Gamble.

Show up a bit. I think we turn soon." We passed Eastview. Turn right on Edgewater, the next street... Here we are Park before that police car. Thanks!"

Matt Wilson came from the house.

"Matt," I said, "I ran out of gas. This man gave me a lift, sit in here and keep him company while I run inside."

"Way! What is this?" the guy demanded. "You don't need me. I want to go home."

"Sure. Don't we all? This is no night to be out. But stuck here a minute, I'll be back."

Inside the enormous hall, tall, bare, and hard Tom Pfluger had a telephone receiver clamped to his ear. The black, hoodlike eyes shifted from me to his wristwatches and back to me again.

At the foot of the stairs lay a man in a blue flannel dressing robe. He was about sixty-five. His grey hair was blood-stained. His right hand clutched a crumpled .38. It wasn't the murder weapon. The murder weapon—a paint-decorated revolver—lay on the floor, about twenty inches from the victim's head.

"Dead," Pfluger said, clutching the phone. "I've called the boys. Burglar and murderer—looks like it is." He gestured to a desk in the living room. Drawers had been pulled out. Their contents clattered the floor. An open green tin box sat on the living pad. "Burglar stupid owner as he comes downstairs." Pfluger had it all figured out. He'd been hurrying before I got there. Mrs. Bellie and her husband always kept a thousand pounds in the desk safe. She didn't see the burglar. She awakened when his car started away and noticed her husband wasn't in his twin bed. She came down, found him dead, phoned headquarters. Her upstairs now—I thought it would be better."

"Good work, Pfluger, you got everything." I rapped at the guy was good. "Bring in the killer. I want to talk to him."

"I want to talk to him, too. You bring him in." Pfluger's white teeth flashed in his dark face. "This is going to be a big. My witnesses. No class. No nothing."

"If that's the case, I'll agree with you, but I don't think that's the case. I'll have the killer handcuffed

in a few minutes." It was a rush statement; I regretted making it.

"If you do," Pfluger snarled, "I'll be a new record even for Laddie Louder."

I let that go by. "After you passed me on Diamond Head Road, I ran out of gas. I hopped down a mountain. Mattie with her car radio. I've kept him long enough. I should either send him away or take him in."

"What do you mean?" The guy did you a favor?"

"He certainly did. Bring him in. I want to talk to him. If he resists, bring him anyway."

Pfluger crawled to the front door. I went through the living room to the door. The man had stopped. The stairs squeaked—so I thought he'd been working in the doorway was on those display advertising cards I'd seen on the car seat.

I was playing a branch that seemed too fat to be brittle.

A shuffle of feet and voices took me back through the living room.

"Where's the kid?" my highway helper demanded. "I'm out of my way in a storm to help you. Then you ditch me. Now you have me parked around as if I were a—"

"A murderer!" I cried, playing my branch.

"What do you mean?"

"Look at that!" I pointed to what I expected his eye had been carefully avoided.

He turned slowly. Clutched air. Stopped back. "What happened?"

"Murder. Not a very pretty sight with the lights on. Never in."

"Why—"

"That's what we're here for. A bunch was disturbed as he took money from that tin box on the desk. Hey—" I hesitated, a few minutes had paid off in the past. Some had gotten me into a lot of

trouble. The Chief didn't like questions. "How much money do you have on you?"

"What is that?" He backed into Matt."

"Murder—like I said." I shot a glance at Pfluger. His black, hooded eyes were highlighted with excitement. Then I added, knowing that I could be awfully wrong. "Search him, Matt."

"You can't. You can't suspect me."

"I suspect everybody and everything if I'm wrong. Eh—"

"You'll hear from my lawyer."

"I suspect I will. I suspect your lawyer will have a great deal to say to the D.A., the jury, and the judge. All right, boy, search him."

Four hands went over the guy. Two hands shook. "Nothing on him," Pfluger said, "except twelve pounds in his wallet."

"Of course, there's nothing on me," the guy said. "Look, I was coming along Diamond Head Road when the police car turned off."

"That's right," Pfluger said. "I remember seeing him out, a light grey Chevy." Pfluger turned his back to me. In his case, it was politeness. He was wearing a self-satisfied grin.

I wondered whose side he was on. I had been really wrong. Everything that guy had said could be true. Suddenly, it was true.

My only suspect was free to walk away from the scene of the crime. As Pfluger had said, this was going to be a cop. And my sole suspect was bound to his lawyer, who would go to the Chief. The Chief would need for me.

A mental picture kept flashing—like a neon sign at my dull brain. I stood there for a moment looking idly at my highway helper. Finally I said, "Sorry, I made a mistake. I do, sometimes, and I'm always embarrassed."

He relaxed visibly. "That's all

right. Sergeant. We all make mistakes." Somewhat, everything that our dad was true. "Now, I'd like to run along. See you tomorrow."

"Yeah, sure." One thing told me that something he said wasn't true. That one thing was the mental pictures flashing like a movie film. "Before you go," I pushed my hand toward him. He shook it politely. I held on, and asked, earnestly. "By the way, what's the name of the buyer at the Koo Koo Super Mart?"

"Koo Koo Super Mart?" The guy looked at me as if I were nuts. "Uh...you mean Random."

Then did it. The guy was a liar. "No, I mean Jack Burrows; he's a good friend of mine." I let the right hand go and turned to Matt. "Matt, go out in this year's car. See how long it would take a man to slip a wad of notes from his coat pocket under the seat. While you're about it, bring back the notes."

Two minutes later, Matt returned with a massive envelope. "Found this under the front seat, driver's side."

I opened the envelope and thumbed through the thick-chunked folding green. "Lot of dough for a salesman to carry under the front seat of his car. Isn't it?"

"I don't know anything about that money," the guy said. "It's a frame. I was coming down Diamond Head Road when the police car turned on to this street. This officer," he pointed to Pflugier, "admits seeing me."

"You may be right. Take him in. Fellow PB went for the lab boy, then lying in his car I suspect he stole it."

Matt had his BB on the guy. I went out to the front.

Pflugier followed me. "Give me the BBs. Why do you think that guy has a stolen car? Why did you suspect him?"

"A local shop salesman would know the name of the buyer at Koo Koo Super Mart."

"A little thing like that doesn't make him a car thief. A guy could make a mistake; he could have forgotten. And stealing a car doesn't make him a murderer."

"Sure, sure," I said, patiently. "But a guy usually remembers the name of the company he works for. When I piled into the back seat of his car, I saw advertising display cards. I said, 'I see you work for Proctor and Gamble.' He said, 'What?' in a surprised voice.

"I explained. These display cards, unconsciously pointing with my flashlight and unconsciously pressing the switch. He said, 'Uh, yeah. Sure.' Right then I suspected the guy wasn't lied."

"Why?" Pflugier demanded again.

"The dash board showed the display cards were for a Palmerton-Port detergent. When I find stolen money from the name of a major in his possession, I put one and two together."

"All right," Pflugier admitted. "But why would he bring a cop to the scene of his crime? How come we passed his excited along Diamond Head Road just as we turned onto this street?"

"If he had planned to drive me home, I'd have wondered why I'd have investigated. Passing you was planned— just in case he needed an alibi. But he did something to call your attention to his car." I turned back into the living room. "It almost worked. He's a cool killer."

"Yeah," Matt said. "Look at him shake."

Pflugier turned his back to me, but I heard him mutter, "Lucky Ladies."

I guess I am.

Cavalcode's

Know Yourself
SECTION



Sleep your ills away

Long periods of believed slumber are being used to treat drug and alcohol addiction, as well as mental and other ills.

SHAKESPEARE was right when he wrote that sleep does "all

up the creviced sleeves of care". Now modern science is finding that long periods of sleep have a wonderful power to heal and renew. Artificially-induced sleep lasting from one to four weeks will cure longer or some cases, seem to encourage more normal functions of some brains even restoring the mind. Restored to a useful place in society.

The new "transcendental" method is being used as the most promising development in the treatment of mental illness

since the introduction of electric and muscle shock therapy. As a matter of fact, the Big Sleep seems to be helpful to the mind in much the same manner as shock treatment—only in a much more sustained way and accompanied by no violent distress. The metabolism of the brain cells is lowered, permitting a "tide-down" of tension and apparently the cessation of compensatory tones.

Many doctors also see wherein the new remedy is a promising approach for treating alcohol and drug addicts. The patient is able to slumber through what would normally be periods of intense suffering from drug or drink craving during withdrawal. Many an alcoholic and drug addict would "take the cure" were it not for the lurking "fear" that follow when the accustomed drug is withheld.

So harrowing is this experience that many addicts under treatment begin into convulsive movements which make a long-over a minor suffering by comparison. Every nerve and fiber of the body quivers as though under sustained assault of a lethal electric shunt, a thousand percuptions quail and writhing occur, while the painless daze and torpor increasingly in a cushion of confusion.

In a blissful state of prolonged deep sleep, the addled slumber sees a new life and back to the world of reality. The state of quiet permits the body to muster all of its resources to combat the shock of alcohol or opium withdrawal.

Some addicts, who would fight attempts at cure because of guilt feelings which they cannot confront, are unable to rest again without during their somnolent state. The various psychosedatives that are often behind excessive drinking or drug addiction

seem to be subsorbed among many of the patients when they awaken from the "Big Van Winkle" treatment.

Deep sleep therapy was originated in Europe, particularly in the Scandinavian countries, where it is known as "diapsychia". Successful results have been reported at Burgh Reichenau Hospital in Zurich, Les Salins de Prangins near Geneva, and the famous Neuro-psychiatric University Hospital of Vienna.

"Diapsychia" was first tried by a European researcher some 30 years ago. But it proved impractical—sometimes disastrous—because of imperfect control methods. The sleep-inducing drugs were ineffective, and means of caring for the sleeping patient were the inferior to the current capacity of medical science.

Now sedative-hypnotic drugs are given to induce and maintain deep sleep in the latent and most successful methods of treatment. Principally, the sedative drugs are combined with a modern heart stimulant, which helps maintain circulation during the long slumber and recovery. The stimulant does not step up heart activity to any extent, because it is given in carefully controlled relationship to the sleep potion.

Liquid nourishment, plus vitamins and minerals, are required every day, although no great quantity of food is needed because of the patient's inactivity.

A strange aura surrounds the name of "diapsychia". The room is darkened, temperature and humidity are rigorously regulated. There is no sound save the occasional stirring of the slumbering man or woman being treated. If the patient wakes during the sleep rotations are made, for pos-

sible analysis by a specially trained nurse always at the bedside. After the first two or three days of sleep, the patient usually becomes extremely quiet and relaxed. A constant watch is kept over heart action, blood pressure and respiration, all of which slow down markedly—as is with certain hibernation and other forms of animal life which, without benefit of drugs, will naturally fall sound asleep in some cases for weeks during the winter.

Nails and hair grow normally during the sleep and are regularly attended to by barbers, hairdressers and manicurists.

Occasionally the patient requires a particularly long treatment is permitted to half-sleep for a brief period for a "waking-up" and stimulation of vital functions.

Upon awakening, the patient usually has no consciousness of the flight of time—even after sleeping steadily from three to four weeks. There is little remembrance of any dreams. Psychotherapy is sometimes applied when the patient first wakes up.

Since the repeated use of any strong sedative can be dangerous, there is a limit to the number of days or weeks that a patient can undergo "diapsychia" as it is now practiced. But scientists are seeking to learn the mysterious means by which some forms of animal life can hibernate or go into suspended animation. If several years of increasing suspended animation can be found, man might be able to sleep for many years, with his body aging only slightly.

In addition, physicians are finding evidence that long sleep can help in the treatment of ulcers of the stomach and intestines by slowing the flow of gastric juices and

letting healing processes gain a foothold.

Sleep is still much of a mystery. It is believed controlled by the more primitive brain centers, such as the hypothalamus, deep in the brain. Some of the lowest forms of life, as well as the highest (the bear), can sleep steadily for long periods.

A Swiss scientist, Dr. W. Hess, holds a Nobel prize for discovering that a weak electric current applied to certain areas of the brain could produce sleep at will. On the other hand, use of refrigeration to induce human hibernation has not met with any great success. In research at Philadelphia, women, naked except for a lambskin, were put to "sleep" with cracked ice and an electric fan. Internal temperatures were forced down below 80°.

As近日 as 40 days of this sleep was applied intermittently for treatment of hopeless cancer by slowing body cell activity. Growth of healthy "virgin" tissue was said to have been faster than that of malignant cells. Results were never very conclusive, and almost all physicians feel that we must look elsewhere for a practical system of hibernation.

There is no denying that an ordinary good night's sleep does wonders for the average person, and that we are justified in hoping for a possible great increase in longevity if we could sleep for even longer stretches. Hibernation may become Man's fountain of Youth, once Doctor Hess lets us know how it's done.

A famous British psychologist, Dr. Wilfrid Trotter, has said, "It is theoretically possible to live a century and a half by use of periods of long sleep."

You need not lose your baby



A miscarriage can be prevented if the doctor is notified at once and the mother gets complete rest.

Even the poor health of a mother-to-be doesn't mean now that she must lose her unborn child.

EUGENE S. ALEXIS, M.D. • FACT

YOU are carrying your unborn baby with pride. Fondly you make a layette, you look at articles of clothing in baby shapes, you buy books on care of the baby. Then you lose the child. It is tragic. Certainly you have not seen the baby, but you have grown in love it nevertheless. Now you have lost it. Why? Maybe if you had not slipped on the rug you would not have had the miscarriage!

Slipping on the rug did not have anything to do with it. It is just one of the illnesses associated with miscarriage. Hard work, over-excessive smoking, drinking or taking some powerful medicine do not bring on miscarriage. The child in the womb is so well protected that it cannot be easily harmed.

Recently a woman, pregnant for seven months, was so severely injured in a motor accident that she died in a hospital a few hours later. Three minutes after her death doctors delivered a perfectly normal baby by Caesarean operation.

In order to carry a pregnancy through safely, three basic conditions must be met. The two sex cells—the father's and the mother's—must be healthy; the womb must provide a proper home for the fetus; the physical and psycho-

logical condition of the mother should meet the requirements of the growing fetus. If anything goes wrong with these three things, the result is usually the expulsion of the fetus. It is important for the doctor to know which of these three has gone awry, for, by proper treatment and precautionary measures, he can prevent a threatened miscarriage.

Miscarriage can be prevented. A few years ago little could be done, but modern medical science has made important advances. Sex hormones and other medications are now available.

However, prevention of miscarriage is largely dependent on the woman herself. She should尽量 avoid those adverse influences during the early months of pregnancy which we know are likely to lead to an untimely interruption.

Although accidents, work, may not terminate pregnancy, seemingly trivial things like sudden fright, anger, great emotional upset or deep anxiety may lead to miscarriage.

One-half of miscarriages, especially the earlier ones, are due to a defective sex cell, either the father's or mother's. Such defects will allow the fetus to develop up

is a certain time, when nature invariably gets rid of an undesirable embryo by expelling it from the womb.

This is perhaps fortunate and prevents the birth of a deformed baby. Once conception has taken place, nothing can be done to correct it. However, for the woman who has miscarried for this reason, much can be done to ensure the safety of further pregnancies. Examination of the husband often reveals that he has too few sperm cells—or a percentage of them are immature. Often an under-functioning thyroid gland or a diet deficiency is responsible. These faults can be easily corrected.

Drs C. Maser and S. L. Israel, of the University of Pennsylvania, reported recently that they had treated 20 sterile couples for sperm deficiency. Subsequently 14 of these wives gave birth to full-term babies.

Sometimes the fault lies with the wife. She may release an immature ovum. This is likely to happen near the beginning and near the end of a woman's reproductive life.

It has been found that, even during the most productive period of a woman's life, not all female eggs released at different times are equally mature. If an immature egg is fertilised, the result will be an early miscarriage. As a matter of fact, many a delayed period is usually an early miscarriage. Doctors have recovered a tiny round white mass in the menstrual blood which, under a microscope, turned out to be an embryo no more than a trace of the embryo itself.

Miscarriage is seldom due to unsuitable conditions of the womb itself. True, occasionally a polyp or fibroid tumour interferes with the proper attachment of the

foetus. Furthermore, a womb tilted backward should seldom be blamed for a miscarriage, since at the end of the fourth month of pregnancy the womb rises above the pelvic girdle. Thus displacement is automatically corrected.

Once two healthy sex cells have united and found a nest in a normal womb, the fetus will face enormous hazards, especially in the early months of pregnancy. These hazards are presented by the state of health of the mother. Consequently, a large proportion of miscarriages is due entirely to maternal factors. Fortunately, such faults can be remedied in time.

Despite a far better knowledge of nutritional requirements today, too many miscarriages still are due to an inadequate diet.

Drs W. M. Gilstrap and G. P. Hart gave vitamin E, both by mouth and by injection, to 160 women who showed all the signs of a beginning miscarriage. Subsequently 85 per cent of these women gave birth at full time to healthy infants.

The best source of vitamin E is wheat-germ oil. However, the content of wheat-germ oil is variable and it is better to take it in synthetic form.

A well-functioning thyroid gland is important in another respect by aiding helping to mature the female egg, for if it breaks down later on it seriously interferes with the proper maturation of the fetus. A doctor can tell by a simple test whether the thyroid is healthy. Those who miscarry habitually should have a thyroid check once a month.

Fortunately, today, with highly effective and prompt-acting barbituric-alkalis, infectious diseases are no longer important factors in miscarriage.

Of much greater importance is imbalance in the amount of the various hormones necessary during the early part of pregnancy. One of these, estrogen, causes slight contractions in the pregnant womb, which are effectively corrected by the opposite action of progesterone. Progesterone is produced by the so-called yellowish body in the tiny ovaries and after the female sex has left it deficiency of progesterone, which is responsible for many miscarriages, is today successfully corrected by repeated injection of this substance.

Many years ago Dr. Paul Truax noted that the majority of 125 women admitted to Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, U.S.A., either experienced or showed signs of an impending miscarriage just at the time when they normally would have had their menstrual period. This was due to a temporary imbalance of these two hormones.

The so-called Dr. blood finger has nothing to do with miscarriage.

A real doctor in miscarriage is purely psychological in origin. Quite frequently unexpected miscarriage follows great emotional upset, anger, anxiety, fright, or some extremely unpleasant experience.

Emotional strain, especially those of an unpleased kind, may adversely influence conditions deep in the womb. Furthermore, minor physical shortcomings, in themselves insignificant to terminate pregnancy, can be greatly aggravated by these factors.

Indirect pressure of the woman is sometimes said to be a cause of miscarriage, but this is extremely doubtful. Dr. J. L. Park, of George Washington University Hospital, Washington, U.S.A., found close association between recent intercourse and premature labour in

women with a previous history of miscarriage. Because of a cyclic imbalance in hormones, women who habitually miscarry should avoid sexual intercourse for three or four days at four-week intervals, starting from the last period.

Important as it is to know what usually causes miscarriage, it is equally important to recognise an impending miscarriage, for thousands of cases have been helped by calling a doctor without delay.

A miscarriage is usually, but not always, indicated by the appearance of vaginal discharge, slight amount of bleeding, and colicky pains in the lower abdomen.

Risks of miscarriage especially in women who have previously lost a number of babies, should always be regarded as an emergency. Absolute bed-rest, even before the doctor arrives, is important in every case. First, a word of warning never apply an ice-pack to the abdomen. That increases the contractions of the womb and makes miscarriage inevitable.

The doctor can start proper treatment by giving the necessary hormones and stop the pain by sedatives.

Absolute bed-rest means absolute bed-rest. Many a woman has lost her child by getting up to go to the bathroom. She should remain in bed for at least three days after bleeding and pain cease.

Not every miscarriage can be prevented, but modern medicine has achieved such brilliant success, and there are so many remedial methods, that is is really up to the expectant mother to inform herself of the fully creditable available and, even more, to recognise the danger signals which tell of an imminent but avoidable miscarriage.



How to add 10 years to your life

One person out of every four will die before his time because his "appetite" is encouraging him into making wrong food choices.

MURRAY PHELPS + FACT

THE comfortable and comforting tradition is that heart trouble, ulcers, hypertension, blood pressure and such things are due to overwork and overworry.

Usually the heart and blood-pressure troubles belong to the fat man, the ulcers and hypertension to the thin one.

And they become a badge of how important it must be to worry so much.

Apart from the fact that the worry may simply be a sign of his instability, the practical health truth is probably to be found on his plate.

"Eating well" does not mean eating a lot; and a strict diet does not mean semi-starvation. Over-easy people are apt to grow thin and suffer bad health because they don't eat enough food, but worse dangers await the fat folk who eat

The fat man will die just about as many years short of his life-expectancy as he is pounds overweight.

too much, build up their weight, induce blood pressure and overstrain their hearts by taking that organ to do too much.

Healthy mind and body do not require an excess of heavy food, and a lot of bulky, fat-making foods are not energy or health-giving. Often the big eater is just as unhappy man seeking emotional compensation for some disappointment.

This phenomenon is so common in society that it has become the subject of countless jokes. "Bill's in love with a girl who turned him down, so he's eating himself to death to console himself," is one very shrill comment.

That the emotions frequently trigger overeating with all its subsequent ill effects has been generally known to psychologists and psychiatrists for a long time. But that there is an emotional centre in the body that actually stimulates an abnormal desire for food was not discovered until recently.

Now was much known about how to combat this insatiable desire for excessive quantities of food, and more than much was known about how to combat the uncontrollable craving for alcohol which has turned millions into hopeless drunkards.

Now, due to an amazing series

of experiments conducted by several different individuals, the mysterious "appetite" which controls appetite has been located and its functions revealed. More, medical science now knows how the "appetite"—which regulates the choice of food much as a thermostat regulates the fuel consumption in a home—can be "reset" when it is set too high.

Furthermore, it is known that the "appetite"—which is merely a convenient and briefly descriptive functional adjective for a certain area in the brain—is an entirely different animal from normal hunger.

Overeating is far more dangerous "disease" than most persons realize. Yet doctors—many of whom are overeaters themselves—are quick to emphasize that millions of us are basically "slipping our girdles with our teeth".

The connection between obesity and premature death has been established beyond doubt. Life-insurance records reveal that the old saw, "Each pound yours overweight takes a year off your life," is appallingly close to the truth. That is, if a person with a normal life-expectancy of about 70 years remains consistently overweight throughout his adult life, he is very likely to die just about as many years short of normal life-expectancy as he was pounds overweight.

Ten pounds overweight and one chances he'll die before he has fifty; twenty pounds overweight and the Grim Reaper will call before he's fifty—that's the general rule.

That these statements are not just scaremongering is proven by the reluctance of life-insurance companies to issue policies to appetites with substantial amounts of built-in avoidance. "We'll have

to turn you down until you get rid of that extra pounds," they have told thousands of applicants. They know that the chances of making money on overweight policyholders are definitely dubious. And they are in business to make money—not to give it away.

THESE and truth is that twenty-five per cent of the population—men in every four—are as much overweight that they are going to die before they should, say the insurance companies.

If you're one of them, if you have a friend who is, or if you're beginning to develop a dangerous craving for too much tasty food—whatever it is, rich, spicy, or whatever else that's delicious—then you'd better know the facts as they're now understood.

Aspirin is as different from natural hunger as night is from day. That is revealed by a study of animals in the wild state; they seldom, if ever, overeat when food is normally abundant, while they have an uncanny facility for selecting the foods that are good for them.

IT IS only "selected" men who have almost completely lost the natural selectivity of foods and hunger-control of food intake. He has transformed eating from a biological, necessary into a form of psychological expression—and frequently with disastrous results.

Some years ago, Dr. Anton J. Carlson, of the University of Chicago, established conclusively that true hunger brought on contractions of the stomach which, in turn, sent the neural—or natural man—in a search for food. These contractions ceased and hunger vanished as soon as a relatively



You can't argue with the scales. Their extra couple of pounds was brought about by overeating.

modest amount was eaten.

Very young babies, for example, have hunger but not appetite. Some years ago Dr. Clara Davis, of Mt. Sinai Hospital in Cleveland, allowed a selected group of babies to pick and choose as they pleased from a large variety of foods set before them. They invariably chose a well-balanced diet—meat, vegetables, and meat—and didn't gorge themselves. Without any instruction, they proved themselves excellent dieticians.

IN PERSONS who overeat habitually because of psychological moti-

vation, the hypothesians have deliberately set the food-intake level too high. It needs to be adjusted downward, or extreme obesity and premature illness and possibly death will be the result.

The first step is to realize that the craving for food is not hunger, but a psychological substitution. The second realization should be that the substance is just as harmful as alcohol or drugs, and just as useless.

The third step is to attempt to understand the psychological cause for overeating.

From then on it's a matter of rules, fixed dietary plans using a healthful, balanced diet. For the first few days the appetite will crave unneeded food as tenaciously as a spoiled child will pout until he is given whatever he demands, no matter how unreasonable it may be. And, as with the spoiled child, the discipline must be stern, with no exceptions allowed.

After the battle is won, it must be remembered that it is only temporary. With all the food edifices constantly available in this land of superabundance, the temptation is always present to gorge on some such meal as a couple of big pork chops, French fries, pie à la mode and whatever. It's always easy to just "let go" and throw the appetitit out of killer again.

Don't do it. Stick to the diet faithfully, for the longer you do so the easier it will become. Eating moderately will become just as much a habit as overeating once was. For the appetitit is, basically, a cultural colour or habit.

Finally, when the original fear of frustration is banished and overeating the desire to overeat is likely to vanish permanently. Then, and then only, will the trouble be finally cured.



ANDREW GREY * FACT

Can your Marriage Last?

Why many dreams turn grey—and when a marriage breaks up, what it costs in cash to end the disappointment.

MARRIAGES are mostly likely to break up where their basis is purely and simply physical attraction.

A study of what goes on once you get serious about a girl, shows that the physical side of the relationship is extremely important, both in regard to the success and failure of a marriage partnership.

Without this physical affinity, and a mutual satisfaction in marriage, the position cannot last long where there is nothing more to bind a marriage than this physical set-up; then the marriage, when once doomed to failure.

Nobody, walking away from the alter, thinks that within a given time this happy event is going to fall to pieces, both parties are far too much in love to credit the possibility of such a situation.

But there are year-long waiting lists at the divorce courts to demonstrate the number of times the word happens.

Usually, if ever, does the marriage fail because home life was a budgeted round of humdrum activities, or because the children screamed too much, or because the husband gave too much time to advancing and bettering his family position.

These are visible, human factors, and ones which grow as the marriage advances, and are lost as time goes by.

But there are the passing factors who, after a short time, find themselves in another man's arms. There are the proud bachelors who find themselves making excuses to stay out with another woman.

What sharpens the position? What causes the disillusionment between husband and wifey? Why does the bachelorette of yesterday seek consolation with another girl, when not long ago he married the "only girl in the world"?

The answers to these questions are to be found in the purely personal relationship between the bride and groom. The physical intimacy which, before marriage, was the dominating thought, and which was to many of these young people the principal factor in the marriage, has failed to bind the partners together—and yet they have been told, have read, and know in their own minds that any marriage without physical satisfaction, would also fail to last.

French sociologists greatly favour the saying of a wild cat, because, they feel, the rutless days are over.

when a man decides to get married. The French are supposed to be the most logical of all races—but they do not apply this same reasoning to their women who, before marriage, traditionally have been closely guarded.

They have realized that an innocent man entering marriage must, sooner or later, wonder whether there is more attraction to be had somewhere other than at home—and they turn an indulgent eye on the married man who keeps a domestic manager, so long as his wife and children do not notice by it.

But it seems to the candid observer that their tolerance of pre-marital visitors, and their acceptance of post-marital infidelity, add up to show one thing—that the traditional will not does not make for any happier marriage than usual. Otherwise the French would be the supreme experts of happy marriage.

It is undoubtedly true that there is a lot of curiosity about how the marriage relationship would stack up if the woman had a different husband, or the husband had a different wife. There is no doubt that every man and woman has, at some time, wondered what the position would be if he had a different partner. But this is not a healthy curiosity.

Nor is it a profitable one.

The fact is that the physical relationship of marriage is what you make it. Very few people have found that their sexual experiences in physical love were the ideally parabolic experience described by poets and imagined by impressionable young people. Exactly where they thought the experience would be, even they themselves could not explain. But there are bases without number when they have

expressed themselves so extremely disappointed.

It is nevertheless true that the physical expression of love can be a great experience—but not between strangers, not even on the mere discuss of two people who know each other, not even in people who suddenly feel that they are turned away by a good wife.

The stated experiences of physical love are disappointing as a rule for very simple reasons—that they are accompanied by high emotions, lack of knowledge, and even lack of understanding about the facts of sexual solicitation.

That is why many of the unhappy partners are women; because they find their requirements from the act of love are rather different from those of a man; women are less available, more romantic; they are slower to respond, and yet their need is great. When they are unsatisfied they feel that their man does not understand them, and they feel let down and disappointed by him. Very often this is because he does not realize that women feel differently, act differently, and expect different treatment. And very often he could change the whole aspect of the relationship—if he only knew what was expected.

Secondaris and others in marital relations have pointed through recent years that satisfactory marriage relationships develop from an understanding of each party by the other, and that from the time of marriage on, a mutual desire to please, and mutual consideration of each other, is the basis for that blind and satisfactory relationship which may, in the long run turn out to be all the poohs say it is, but doesn't come easily.

It is the belief of experts that the very fact that the successful

BURNING THE HEART

A surgical team of doctors at Pittsburgh's Allegheny General Hospital had glued out the heart of a 24-year-old patient and saved a life a week. It was a artery-busting, four hour job. The team, headed by Dr. Edward Kort, and with Dr. Fred Neville doing most of the surgery, shaved the patient's temperature to between 30 and 32 degrees through the use of ice water. The took up most of the four hours. Then they clamped off the blood vessels leading to the heart. With the resultant "dry heart", they raced against time as they watched a rupture in seven minutes. Keeping the heart lines clamped for more than 12 to 20 minutes could have been fatal. As it was, the rupture was repaired and the patient is as well as ever.

marriage relationship takes some building, is a basic reason for marriages failing away. They believe that those without much married people, disappointed in their earliest relationship, jump to the conclusion that the marriage was a mistake, without appreciating the difference that can be made by a sincere effort on the part of both partners to get things right.

They also believe that pre-marital experiences do not help either party to adjust themselves within marriage, since neither party is anxious to admit to previous experience outside marriage, especially in the first flush of married happiness. In women in particular, lack of knowledge (and by inference of experience) is still supposed to be a virtue.

It has also been recently pointed out that, in fact, pre-marital experience even lessens the chance of a successful marriage, whether the first experiences have been happy or not.

Cases quoted tend to show that where pre-marital experiences have been unhappy, the parties approach their married state in disillusion. If not in love, and with some feeling of guilt or fear of discovery, and

are pretty sure that what failed before will fail again, anyway. Where pre-marital relationships have been happy, they may set up a false standard of comparison, and hinder the partners growing into a relationship of mutual satisfaction.

There is another side to the marriage story, however, which is equally a caution.

It is that of people who, finding themselves physically compatible, feel that the physical aspect of marriage, and the round of social activities which they also appreciate form the whole structure of their married lives.

This constitutes, from the psychologists' point of view, a failure to grow up on the part of the newly wed. Additionally, they are not the only people who fail to grow up. The world is littered with people whose maturity has been arrested at some point, and who remain stationary, carrying a burden of immaturely or arrested development.

That may, in most walks of life, lead to personal unhappiness, but in marriage it leads to the inevitable end—divorce. It is understandable that an courtship consists mainly of falling in love through a series of social activities, the

marriage ceremony can hardly be expected to effect a conviction of infidelity in both parties overnight. More especially at the first period following marriage is the honeymoon which is an uninhabited time-space of courtship.

At the conclusion of the honeymoon the normal married couple have only a picture of a round of parties and dances and being together—and their first impulse having the privacy of their own home is to enjoy themselves together, and entertain their friends.

This is a very worldly round of activities, for a time; and the natural tailing off of it into more serious life is brought about by the arrival of an expected child.

Nothing makes people grow up more quickly than the anxiety, responsibility, and happiness of parenthood. But where, as is increasingly common, both husband and wife continue to go to work

and no children are born, the social and sexual life runs on into an indefinite, and at some stage possibly, dead-end existence.

At this stage, at any rate, it is to be expected that the husband, wife, or both, decide to break their bonds by seeking new company; and at this stage the marriage becomes threatened with the real danger that, based on physical attraction and depending on physical pleasure, it has no lasting, binding quality.

Every kind of emotional upset follows the beginning of an irregular marriage, when the husband who comes home late has to face a tormented wife who believes she is no longer wanted; or when the husband who comes home to find that his wife is late home from work, begins to feel he is being lied to or cheated.

A chart of the emotional reactions which occur on both sides



would be extremely interesting. Fear and jealousy would be prominent in it—but that situation, leading inevitably to quarrel, can be fatal for people who are as free as children newlyweds both of whom have their own income.

There is little to keep a man at home, once home becomes unpleasant; if he feels that he has no responsibility towards a working wife who has no children. There is little to keep a woman on a straight course if she feels that, having no children, she can please herself.

Fear, jealousy, or distrust, once implanted in the mind, become terrible weeds. There is little to be done about them, except eradicate them with the only weed-killer psychology known—a full, frank knowledge of the situation which is causing the unhappiness.

Yet it is when they are ridden by such fears that people least care to express themselves. Private inquiry agents exist because a man or woman, having become suspicious of the partner, just has to know what is being done—and won't put all the cards on the table.

The passions of marital anguish and uncertainty which occur in the mind of such people must be indescribable; the outcome is that somebody who was deeply in love now has a say to cry upon a once-loved partner.

How does it feel to pay a man to climb a tree and peer into a bedroom window to see your wife in someone else's bed? That is the final outcome of the wrongly based marriage—bitter, unhappy experience which, in different circumstances, might have been unnecessary.

There are people who argue that the law forces this kind of situation, with its demand for exact proof of

what is alleged. And it is found many times over that such processes are quite unhelpful—that the man has been identified, the place and time of the assignation set, and the tree climbed, or the door broken in, only to see that the unfaithful wife isn't there at all.

One case the present writer heard myself in the M.S.W. divorce court concerned a woman who, having traced her husband to a house where he was living unfriendly, had private inquiry agents climb a fence—to see the suspected woman in a room with a man, indeed, but the man was not the husband, as expected. The fact was that the house was a respectable boarding house where the man called to play chess with a man friend in a lounge room, the woman who had been seen entering the place several times was a maid employed by the boarding house, and the man she was seen in the room with was her fiance. The whole thing was a ridiculous farce, in spite of which the case was proceeded with—and the evidence cleared the second husband of being a wronged party.

In a way, that might be called one of the happy stories of divorce since the husband, at that stage, had no grounds to pay for

But the human tragedy is only part of the divorce story. It is a story which extends beyond the emotional upheaval past the misery-prison of spying or plotting; on to watch and sulk over loves, past even the uncertain future of children whose parents fail to agree—because there are very many divorces in which there are children, and as a result of which children suffer.

These divorces are in a class

rather different from those discussed earlier. These seem to be mostly cases where one of the partners fails to mature as a result of parenthood; or where sexual dissatisfaction, once hidden, is now expressed.

There was the case known to this writer, of the wife who refused to have sexual intercourse with her husband because there were children in the house, despite the fact that it was a large house and the parents had full privacy. No good was achieved by her attitude, but the time came quite naturally when her husband, a young and virile man, still kicked over the traces. The enforcement of marital chastity didn't do either wife or children any good after that.

Unwillingness to face up to responsibility is an underlying factor in divorce where there are children. The selfish man who feels that, family or no family, his gold won't melt nor suffer, is doing more than spending the milk money on self-indulgence; he is forfeiting the respect of a wife who realises, reflectively, that he won't put first things first. And once respect goes out of marriage, on either side, then the net gets in. Sometimes people tolerate each other as convenience; sometimes they live their separate lives under the same roof for the sake of the family; sometimes they divorce.

Of the numerous failure marriages which do not end at the level of employing spousal therapy, there are nevertheless cut-and-dried divorce procedures. There is the description though, when a partner walks out, stays away for a period, makes necessary by law, and is then ready for desertion.

There is the less honest practice of walking out and having a week-

ended for the optimisation of conjugal rights. When the wife ignores the case becomes divorce on the grounds of failure to obey the court.

Maybe these techniques are superior to catching a former lover "in flagrante delicto"; often they are more nations to satisfy the law and to gain freedom without adultery. The outcome is the same—each application for restriction, each description, each filing of a divorce petition, is an admission that two people could not make a partnership work.

But the cash price of that admission is something which few people have pondered. Lesser understandings of who bears the divorce bill, and how alimony is paid, and for how long, does not give any idea of the actual costs of divorce finance.

One is entitled to wonder, cynically, perhaps, whether a fuller knowledge of the financial burden of divorce might not lead people to make another bid for reconciliation, because though a lot is said in court about the causes of divorce very little is said about attempts at reconciliation, other than that they have been tried unsuccessfully.

A man who is much married and, who, perhaps, did not catch the bug of divorce when it became inevitable, once said, "If your wife wants to divorce you, whatever you do don't get generous alimony. If you're not right at the beginning you'll probably regret it for the rest of your life."

These times married, twice divorced, he is paying alimony to two ex-wives, so he can be expected to be sour on the opposite sex. He pointed out the terrible consequences financially when a marriage went wrong.



One species of the female has a lot of fun spending the alimony on ex-husband's keep-fit programme

In the last place, he says, you have to earn enough to maintain alimony payments as well as to live yourself. For if you fall behind in the payments the law has machinery ready to deal with such a situation, and if your ex-wife is vindictive, you can go to jail. It can happen. It has happened—frequently.

Today alimony has become, in quite a number of cases, a source of easy income. Times have indeed changed. At the turn of the century divorce was considered a tragedy,

scandalous affair that tainted both the innocent and guilty alike; good women suffered their philandering husbands in mock bravado and only the "Blessed" thought calculatingly of alimony. The "Blessed" were the stately church girls who, as wives and mothers to benevolent husbands in modest brevity and only the "Blessed" thought calculatingly of alimony. The "Blessed" were the stately church girls who, as wives and mothers to benevolent husbands in modest brevity and only the "Blessed" thought calculatingly of alimony. The "Blessed" were the stately church girls who, as wives and mothers to benevolent husbands in modest brevity and only the "Blessed" thought calculatingly of alimony. The "Blessed" were the stately church girls who, as wives and mothers to benevolent husbands in modest brevity and only the "Blessed" thought calculatingly of alimony. The "Blessed" were the stately church girls who, as wives and mothers to benevolent husbands in modest brevity and only the "Blessed" thought calculatingly of alimony.

Not so today. Women have be-

comes brain-winded and, with divorce on the increase (one marriage in four goes astray in U.S.A.), each year, one in seven in Australia they know the rights conferred on them by law. And, knowing those rights few women, about to act out in the divorce jurisdiction, money at least a second thought of leaving. Most husbands simply pay without argument. Even when the ex-wife is capable of going back to work and earning an income comparable to his own, he can't do much about it.

For the husband who walks out of the married home and declines emphatically to support either his wife or their young children, it is difficult, indeed, impossible, to find an excuse.

An example of this was quoted recently by Miss M. Pillingar, director of the N.R.W. Family Welfare Bureau. Miss Pillingar said: "If a wife receives no maintenance from her husband for six months she becomes eligible for the 'widow widow's pension'—£100 a week."

"Many husbands know this and sometimes, through sheer慷慨ness, will make some maintenance payments in the initial months, so that the wife has to go back to the beginning and loses the chance of a steady income."

Miss Pillingar said that one deserted wife she knew was trying to keep five children on £710 a week.

MORE so than in Australia, alimony in the U.S.A. has become a racket. Some girls put on the wedding veil for irreconcilable marriages with the experts and aids in law of providing for their future comfort; if a satisfactory divorce settlement cannot otherwise be arranged, there's always the courts to fall back upon—and they're notoriously sympathetic to women!

It is said that one Chinese divorce judge takes a pad and pencil with him to the bench and, even in cases where the husband has an ageing mother to support and several mortgages on his home, orders payment of half the husband's salary to the wife.

With marriage such a lucrative investment it's not surprising that so many American girls start out in life with the express intention of marrying millionaires.

Over 85 per cent of their objective, it's like an easy-way bet at the races—and they're a winner, too; if they lose, well, they can still have a handsome遗产.

But, as one New York writer puts it: "the modern American middle-class citizen in a variety of shapes and sizes loves after the wealthy playboy, but, however, in the face of really keen competition, she's just as likely to settle for you."

Broadly speaking, American alimony—in most English-speaking countries—is based on the theory that the husband should continue to support his ex-wife in the "standard to which she has been accustomed"—that is, according to the standard of life as he has become familiar with as his wife. This formula has provided the blue-print for most of the lower American alimony settlements.

In Australia, Divorce Courts, on a decree for divorce, may order the husband "to secure to the wife such sum or agreed sum for any term, not exceeding her life, as is deemed reasonable, having regard to (a) her fortune—if any, (b) the ability of the husband to pay and (c) the conduct of the parties. Or, instead, they may order the husband to pay the wife, during their joint lives, such weekly or monthly sum as it thinks reasonable, having

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regard to the three circumstances already mentioned."

One lawyer said recently: "A wife's right to alimony is based on her right of common law to pledge her husband's credit for 'necessaries.' So, just as, while married, she can pledge her credit for what is suitable to her, according to her station in life, so will such alimony be granted her as is reasonably necessary for her to continue to live as would the wife of a man in his position."

The interpretation of these legalities is, naturally, a matter for the Judge in Divorce or the Divorce Registrar; but, as a rule, alimony in this country is calculated on the basis of one-third of the joint income of both parties. Thus, a man on £24 a week would pay his wife £8—a sum that correspondingly would be reduced the greater the separate income earned by the wife. It is the wronged, and not the guilty, woman who receives these payments and they are usually cancelled if the couple remarry.

As a big percentage of divorces in Australia annually are obtained by women who wish to remarry, the proportion of cases where alimony is sought, or where court orders are short-lived, is comparatively high.

It would be foolish to suggest that Australian alimony laws, while undoubtedly harsh on some husbands, have not also reacted adversely against quite a few worried wives. Some years ago there was talk of amending NSW legislation to give women a "fairer go" but nothing was done. Divorce has always bothered the politicians. However, consider the immense strides that women have made in their march toward complete emancipation.

Legally speaking, they're on top of the world. There are those bad old days when the husband, on marriage, assumed complete control of the wife's property. No-one, we're sure, would want a return to that cut-throat divide, even when under British law, a woman was considered incapable of holding property, real or personal, independently of her husband. That was the "status" she had come to an end with when she was described as the modern Woman's Bill of Rights—the Married Women's Property Act.

Nowadays, the wife's right to her own property is firmly established, and that fact, some years ago, was the subject of a warning by a former NSW Divorce Justice, Mr. Justice Toome. At the time he pointed out that the transfer of property between husband and wife could be—and had frequently been—seriously abused. He made these points:

• A wife could evict her husband from a home which he had given her, without even commencing divorce proceedings.

• A husband could do the same to a wife whom he had married for money and who had transferred her property to him.

The judge said that husbands, in the old days of reciprocity, had transferred their homes to their wives only later to be evicted after being supplanted by men who became co-respondents in future divorce suits. When a husband renounced either money, property or chose to his wife, the transfer was absolute. Then, if the marriage broke down later, the wife could retain all the property he had given her.

A judge, said Mr. Justice Toome, could later make an order for al-

I. SYNONYMOUS TERMS

Memory and Pelmanism

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money based on the husband's ability to pay his wife, but he could not make any order because property the wife may have given the owing husband, or a bonus that the husband may have given the wife.

Subscribers, discussing the referee's agreement, referred to the case of a South Australian couple who owned a house jointly. The wife left, obtained a divorce on the ground of cruelty, and the husband was ordered to pay maintenance. The wife then commenced proceedings so that she could live in the house.

The Court granted her the tenancy as long as she remained unmarried, but authorised the husband to set off half of the rental value of the house against his liability to maintenance.

In another case a newly-married man handed over three houses and all his other property to a woman and got nothing back when the marriage collapsed.

Property can play a very important part in the aftermath of marriage and the wise husband—and indeed, the wise wife—can take half of my three-married friend. His urgently-needed reference to "financial impasse" can have a special bearing on those early days of marriage when the block is still on the road. There is nothing like hexagonal bins to start a chain reaction of really generous impulses.

Under Australian law, if a husband deserts his wife or acts in such a way as to justify her leaving him and living apart, she can, as "an agent of necessity" pledge his credit to obtain necessities for herself and the children of the marriage who are lawfully in her custody. The husband would have to meet those debts provided the wife herself had not been guilty of

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I.C.S.-I.C.E.-I.C.S.-I.C.S.

**BE
2 INCHES
TALLER
IN
2 WEEKS**

Well, Mr. Brewster consists of two parts,
body, and what I call "the spirit." The body
is built much like ours, and you can talk with it. The spirit is
a divine system of "ether," "spiritual
and material," which you can't perceive
with your eyes, without a camera, or
other such means. It is the same spirit
that animates all the living creatures
in the world, & it is present, pervading
and controlling all created things. In
what you call the "upper world," for
two weeks, being only 1000 ft. from
the bottom, and could not get

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assigned military or some other
military-grade officer.

However, broadly speaking, the legal duty of a husband to maintain his wife arises if she has been his against his will and without reasonable cause, or commits adultery which he himself has not condoned. Consideration occurs when a husband knows of his wife's adultery, makes no protest and does nothing at all to prevent it, later on.

There are a number of legal
phrases and laws with which every
married man should familiarize
himself. Here are some more points
to consider.

It has happened that a husband, while still married, has reproduced debts incurred by the wife. The creditor may sue in a claim in which event the husband's defense—a sound one—could be that he had provided his wife with all the resources, or at least enough money to buy them and that he had clearly prohibited his wife from pledging his credit. Some husbands believe that they can make the claim easier simply by inserting advertisements in newspapers disclaiming all responsibility for their wives' debts.

It is not as easy as that. A tradesman, for example, may have been supplying goods on credit to the wife over a long period, and the husband has been settling the accounts regularly without paying any attention to any objection of any sort. A newspaper advertisement wouldn't affect his assumption that the wife still had the right to count on her husband's behalf and, unless it could be proved that the advertisement had been brought to the tradesman's direct notice, the husband would have to pay. However, a man is not responsible for what is borrowed by his wife without his knowledge or consent.

Then there are certain penalties clause in the Deseret Women and Children's Act. This is legislation, enacted in most of the States, which permits the wife to approach the court for a maintenance order if her husband has (1) deserted her, (2) left her without means of support or (3) planned to leave the State without making adequate provision for both her and her children. Under this Act, the court may order the husband to make reasonable allowances, paid either weekly, fortnightly or monthly, and may deny legal custody of a child of the marriage to the wife or any other person it considers proper.

Should the husband disobey the order, the court may summon him or issue a warrant for his arrest. To compel him to pay the money over, it may then commit him in

process for one day for every ten detentions or part of ten detentions found to have been made, including legal costs arising from the complaint. No offender shall be detained for more than 12 months and, during this period of detention, the order for the payment of remittances is automatically suspended. The ban shall cannot be greater twice the non-payment of the most remittances agreed.

In all cases the results of these publications definitely that pedagogic, known as prison angel or "code steward," are drawn. Some of them can be seen at regular intervals, ranging from State to State, with the revised edition of coding their handbook, with, in close pursuit, come their angry voices barking the fire and names of subjects self-sacrifice. One



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1900-1910
The 1900-1910 period
was one of relative
stability and the church
grew from 100 to 150 mem-
bers, under Rev. Dr. H.

wife of my acquaintance has chased her husband over three States—South Australia, Victoria and N.S.W.—and when I last saw her, she was on her way to Queensland. Her husband, it seemed, had decided never yet another border, vowing she wouldn't get a penny out of him.

Maintenance, of course, is paid by direction of a magistrate—during actual marriage—the payments made by the husband from the time of his divorce and onward are known, legally, as alimony. To begin with there is alimony pendente lite, or alimony awarded until the return of the suit, and here, lawyers insist, is the core of an injustice that can—and often does—with hardly on the long-suffering husband.

Figures show that in 98 cases out of 100, the wife fights her divorce action with her husband's money. Even though she is the guilty party, he may, either by mutual consent or a court order, still have to pay—now, that generally exceeds \$100 when the case is defended. Indeed, the only time he comes out ahead is when he proves adultery against his wife and obtains from the judge a direction that the man need not co-operate to pay the wife's fees.

He loses again, with alimony pendente lite.

This is the sum awarded to the wife pending the hearing of the suit and, as divorce laws are frequently so organized that defended divorce suits have to stand over for months—even years—the husband has a long period of paying. It's probably no wife is in a position to know that his wife is unashamedly the guilty party and that alimony payments will probably cease when the case is concluded.

Some guilty wives, lawyers claim, deliberately delay the hearing of divorce suits so that they can go on collecting alimony. In some cases the wives don't even attempt to get jobs for fear their relatives may interfere with the other relatives—mothers, headed to them as a legal plaintiff. Some of them have an instinctive distaste of defending their suits still, knowing that a straightforward undefended suit would be dealt with in a matter of weeks; they prefer to keep their husbands guessing until the last moment. There's nothing much the husband can do but sit and pay.

Judges are not blind to these happenings and in Sydney, some years ago, Mr Justice Toomey had before him an adjournment application in a defended suit that had been dragging for years. The judge said "I have been thinking of instituting a new practice where, if a wife is found guilty of adultery the Court will give an order for her to disgorge all the money that has been paid to her by way of alimony."

"In defended cases after defended once the parties appear before the court with all the pomp and circumstance when the matter is placed in the list. Sometimes they want a week or month or three months' adjournment to prepare their case. Then, though it has been in the list for four years the divorce comes on in the long run as an undefended matter."

Alimony pendente lite, or, as it is also called, temporary alimony, was originally intended to remain in force for only a few months. Then, once the suit was heard, the wife, either as the successful petitioner, became entitled to permanent alimony, or, as the guilty wife, ceased to have any further claim against her husband. The anomaly lies in

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the fact that your rental years were defracted rates were protracted for as long as two years during which period the temporary alimony payments went on. This applied mainly to N.S.W. where, in the last few months, a serious drive has been made to clear up divorce legislation.

There is another anomaly which, women lawyers claim, imposes a grave injustice on many wives. In N.S.W. these women found an ardent champion in late Attorney General Martin, who, in October 1951, proposed legislation to remedy the position. Sources of this information were:

- a. The fact that an ex-wife, under N.S.W. law, could apply to the court for an increased financial payment for the upbringing of her children but could not apply for an increase in her own personal alimony—even if her former husband had become, quite suddenly, a millionaire;
- b. The fact that, at the same time, the ex-husband could apply to the court to have the alimony order reduced or entirely stopped on the ground of his inability to pay.

To begin with, women insist, that is discriminatory law, loaded heavily in favour of the male. But, over the past six years, the equality principle has become a matter of diminishing importance—the real issue now is one of economic hardship.

Case quoted prove this. Wives, awarded £5 or £10 a week from considerably off husbands of power ratings, found themselves on a modest but satisfactory standard of living—a standard that the ensuing years and the soaring cost of living have not completely to pass. Their ex-husbands, then on £10 or £15 a week, are probably earning £50 or more today, yet, in N.S.W., at least, there can be no

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Tablets

**ACTION and GLAMOUR
on PENGUIN ISLAND**
This Month's Issue
OUTDOORS

proportionate increase in illness awarded to the divorced wife.

And there are still other reasons worth recording.

Our present alimony laws, for example, were products of the reign of Queen Victoria, who came into being in 1838 and survived, naturally enough, the social conditions of those remote times.

Clearly they never envisaged the new world of wage-earning women. So, it's not to be wondered at that, in the framing of the Marital Causes Act, three interesting circumstances overlooked were:

- that the husband, one day, might want to apply for a reduction of alimony on the ground that his wife was earning her own living and quite capable of supporting herself;

- that the husband might want to ask the court for an order for alimony, payable to him on the present basis of calculation—one-third of the joint income;

- that the salary-earning wife might be in a better position to pay the court costs from the wage-earning husband.

It has always been customary for a husband to seek a reduction in alimony on the ground of his inability to pay, and that, in the past, has been the principle upon which the courts have acted, but, men, nowadays, are inclined to the view that there is no definite bar to the husband seeking relief because of the former wife's improved economic circumstances. But, obviously, the machinery isn't there for a husband to apply alimony from his wife, and the husband continues to face the enormous, ever-increasing Divorce Court bill. A lot of people are asking why.

Women, in 1955, enjoy an entirely different status than they did in the middle of the last century.

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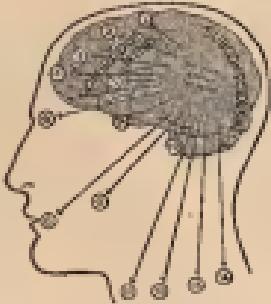
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Key to diagram showing the effect of subconscious mind on the personality and bodily structures:

- 1. Self-Consciousness
- 2. Lack of self-confidence
- 3. Unconscious Habits
- 4. Depression
- 5. Overexcitement
- 6. Nervousness
- 7. Shyness
- 8. Forgetfulness
- 9. Blushing
- 10. Headaches
- 11. Nervous pains
- 12. Headaches, Nervous pains
- 13. Headaches, Nervous pains
- 14. Physical illnesses

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СООБЩЕНИЯ

GOODBYE DRINK

Many women have gone right to the top in commerce and industry; quite a few are schoolteachers, social workers, secretaries, typists; others are engaged in business occupations.

Yet the owners of dogs and other English-speaking countries aren't greatly concerned about the capacity of a wife to earn her own living. As a matter of fact the Lord, indirectly, discourages her from working, saying, in effect, that if she does she'll have no money payments reduced or eliminated. Indeed, for quite a few of the rods the set-up in which they find themselves is not altogether unpleasant—why work for a bone when the husband is in the background paying the bills?

This is a point of view shared by some of the leading legal lights of the day. One of them—a former judge—has said publicly that women are as capable of earning money as men and that women, under the failing health or with children to keep, should not remain at home when there is work for them outside.

He added: "Widely women, who are divorced or separated should maintain husbands who have helped build their fortunes and, if in receipt of means, should pay alimony to such or named claimants."

That is an aspect that isn't usually considered—the declining health of a husband and the part it might play in the well-being of a busy energetic woman, earning a substantial salary in her own right. No-one would sympathise with the husband who, in similar circumstances, deserted a wife or invalid wife, yet because of the administrative code that governs the matrimonial relationship, the possibility of a wife being called upon to support a husband financially is

MIGRAINE HEADACHES?

If you suffer from allergies you'll be interested in this case history taken from the files of an eminent Boston Street Physician.

Reverend Peter Sauer
A woman aged 73 had suffered from headache often. Migraines or changes for fifteen years. There were of almost daily occurrence and she had consulted various specialists in England and abroad without securing any benefit. On examination, deep seated nodular nodes were found. Deep seated nodular nodes were found. Deep

pressure over these spots would bring on the head pain. Daily treatment with the (fascial) cream was commenced, varying in depth from day to day, she was discharged at the end of a fortnight free from her headache.

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which are the basic cause of the headache. After the acute stage has passed, daily massage should be continued for a week or two. At the end of this time the 'trigger' spots (which will be felt at first as small hard lumps about the size of a pea) will have softened and disappeared and permanent relief from headache will be the result.

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PREVIEW

of the

REDEX TRIAL

In this Month's Issue

WHEELS

2/6 At all Newsagents

solids in the legal sense, given serious consideration. Similarly there seems no reason why a wealthy or wage-earner wife should not share with the husband the burden of divorce costs. Or why, when the children of a marriage are in the husband's custody, she should not contribute her share to the children's upkeep.

After all, the husband, no doubt, is being paid to incur expense in paying someone to look after the children as a direct result of the wife's indiscretions.

In all countries of the world where divorce is recognised, the custody problem—the conflicting rights of the husband and the wife—have posed some puzzling problems for both the legislature and the lawyers. California, a few years ago considered a bill banning marriage for all single-bodied women well enough to go to work and, during the debate, strong attacks were made on what was termed "the slumocracy."

As it is palpably, both ex-wives and ex-husbands are labouring under injustice—and have been doing so for quite a time. State legislators no doubt, too, and probably will alter existing laws but what most think Australians would prefer to see would be broad-new Commonwealth legislation—a Federal Matrimonial Causes Act incorporating into one coherent enactment divorce laws at present operating in each of the Australian States. That is the current basis for divorce reform.

Which brings us back to the warning of that harassed, much-married friend of mine who is paying alimony in two words: "If your wife wants to divorce you, then, whatever you do, don't get nervous anymore." Do you see what he means?



PREVIEW

of the

REDEX TRIAL

in

wheels



QUICK QUIPS

IT TAKES all types to make a world, and most of the world's troubles are produced by those who don't produce anything else.

Now, you are all types. Take the hillbilly; he put a silencer on his shotgun because he wanted his daughter to have a quiet wedding.

Then there was the burglar. He broke into a house one night and saw a calendar with a beautiful girl up on it; so he took it. He got twelve months.

We know a girl with a beautiful figure and she knows it, too. She spends a lot of time on the beach in her bathing suit. She doesn't go in the water, though—the problem is to get a suntan; and, of course, that is a condition that is yours for the taking.

Unfortunately, this lovely beauty is a little bit dumb. She needed her strapless evening gown in black cotton so that it would stay up all night. It's a fact. She is unable to decide that she thinks an actress is the thing that Noah kept his bees in.

Being beautiful, she can get almost everything she wants. Most girls attain their ends by not taking enough exercise. Like our

woman we know. She is forty, but she likes to think she is a flapper. Normally she has too many bulges, so she wraps herself as tightly as possible. You know the type—a build in a padded coat.

It's amazing how many people are wrapped up in themselves. Of course, the men who are wrapped up in himself make the smallest of all parcels.

Getting back to the male of the species reminds us of two chaps who applied for a job. Each filled in a form which called for name, nationality, etc. You know the type of form. Well, one chap signed his name, "Patrick O'Grady", and in the nationality line he put, "Irish and proud of it". The other fellow signed "Angus McHarron", and in the nationality line he wrote "Scotch and fond of it".

In court recently a man was charged with being cruel to a dog. It appears that he hit it over the head with his umbrella. He pleaded self-defense. He said, "The dog jumped on my leg and I thought he was going to kick me."

But it is not the human race which is strange. The stork is a funny bird—he's always kidding.

It wouldn't be a picnic without a basket . . .



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